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## "THE UNSPEAKABLE TURKE"

BY

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### CHAPTER I.

**I**T was drowsy work rather than cold or tiresome—but well worth while if the poacher would only choose that night and that path for his raid.

The special officer conceived the night to be a favoring one from the viewpoint of a marauder—neither too bright nor too dark, and cold enough to make active work pleasurable, yet warm enough to preclude the chance of frost-bitten ears.

As for his lurking-place, his discovery that afternoon of two or three withered ears of corn dropped at the spot where the path debouched from the woods betrayed the fact that some one had borne a purloined load in that direction not long since.

Even if he should have to go back to "Wigwam" minus the achievement of any adventure, the clean stars winking overhead, the nuts dropping in the forest of hickory and oak that walled the field, the moonlight silvering the roof of the ruined grist-mill in the hollow, and, above all, the rustle of the corn-rows all about, lulling, delicate, pleading—these gave him a delight that paid a thousandfold for the trouble of his ambuscade.

His gray woollen sweater, tweed trousers, and stout half-boots—free of coat and hat as he was—kept him warm as well as attired in a fashion suitable for a hand-to-hand grapple with the tramp he expected.

He had refused the plea of good Mrs. Hammerstraw, the housekeeper, that he should arm himself with shotgun or revolver. It was precisely because he wished no bungling, and perhaps bloody, work made of it, that he had decided not to call in the regular constables of the township, and had even declined to allow Bacon, the overseer of the "Wigwam" estate, to take part in his vigils.

Instead of availing himself of either arms or men, he wore his shining nickel shield pinned to his sweater for the intimidation of all men of Belial—if any should come. In the last analysis, however, he relied chiefly upon his five-feet-nine of muscle and bone, and his very unusual quickness of foot, to overcome the opposition he might encounter in effecting an arrest.

Upright and motionless between the corn-rows, at the point where they yielded to the forest, and the black mouth of the path yawned upon them, he had waited for nearly an hour. Thus far he had seen no living thing save a rabbit that had sat bolt upright against a cornstalk and rubbed its nose at him rather derisively.

When the wind ceased a moment to rustle the corn, the night fell so still that he could hear the brook singing softly to itself on its way through the swamp to Tumbling Dam Lake—and even, from far beyond, could catch the faint roar of the waters tumbling over the barrier that had given the lake its name.

He decided to wait ten minutes more, then heigh! for "Wigwam" and a warm bed! Or he might betake himself to the ruined mill for an hour's dreaming by the fire, and a hot supper cooked on the chafing-dish that Mrs. Hammerstraw had insisted upon installing as soon as she had discovered that he was using the mill as a sort of headquarters.

He stretched his arms, yawning, but mindful to do so without noise. This property deservedly bore an Indian name. He felt himself a true warrior of the Lenni Lenape, the blades of the corn trailing about his face and shoulders like the feathers of a war-bonnet, and the nodding stalks to left and right seeming to be the plumes of his fellow braves.

Ten minutes, he vowed—no more! He settled into as restful an attitude as possible, his feet well apart, his arms folded, his head sunk on his chest.

So poised, he must have drowsed, for suddenly his eyes opened with a start. A man was standing within three yards of him. So startling was the apparition that he barely repressed a cry of astonishment.

When his eyes fell on the poacher, the fellow had halted in the very act of crossing the drainage furrow that separated the cornfield from the forest. The outline of the man was so clear in the moonlight, his

face, although indistinguishable under the shadow of a slouch hat, was held so steadily toward the rustling corn, that for an instant the special officer felt himself discovered. Then he realized that the wall of thick-growing stalks effectually hid him from view.

The fellow remained motionless a long moment, listening—one foot actually in air, as if petrified by some real or fancied sound. Then his body relaxed. He leaped the drainage furrow, took a step or two—and then the deputy, parting the blades of corn with both hands, stared out upon him.

"Good-evening, my man," he said grimly.

The body of the poacher stiffened to an awful rigidity. His face was still hidden by the masking hat, but from under its brim came a sound. An oath?—a threat? It seemed to the other strangely like a moan.

Before the constable could move, the thief leaped backward like a wildcat, flashed into the black mouth of the forest path, and was gone.

But the other, almost as quick of mind and even lighter of foot, went racing after him. Only a stride! Then, boldly taking his one chance, he whirled and ran at top speed along the edge of the woods. Down this he raced, headlong but silent, toward its point of intersection with the more roundabout trail the fugitive must be following if his route lay past the old mill to the turnpike beyond.

The deputy burst into the lower path not three strides behind the poacher's heels. The latter, apprised of his pursuer's presence by the crackling underbrush, did not even turn his head, but, uttering another of his moaning exclamations, fled straight forward.

The bewildering moonlight dappled the leaves in front of him as he ran. Undergrowth—branches of sassafras, laurel, and sumac—switched his face. A green briar writhed from a tangle of fox-grape and deftly tripped him. Only by a desperate effort he recovered himself and ran on, staggering.

But now the constable gained—a foot at a time. Where the forest opened to receive the shambling bulk of the old mill, his hand fell heavily on the poacher's shoulder.

"Got you!"

But instead of turning fiercely on his pursuer, with oath and blow, perhaps with brandished knife or levelled revolver, the fugitive struggled weakly forward a step, then tottered to a halt.

The other whirled him sternly about. "Well, my man, you're caught at last. Now, then——"

The man lifted his hand. The officer recoiled, throwing up his left arm to parry the blow, his right clenched to cross-counter.

But the poacher's hand remained suspended in mid-air. Suddenly his captor understood that he was trying to speak.

"I—you——" He stumbled, then began again, his voice very husky and choked. "You—you——"

"What!" blurted the other.

The man swayed from side to side in a manner almost jocose. Why, the fellow actually appeared to be shrinking together! He was trying to speak again.

"You—would n't have caught me—if I were n't—so hungry!"

He lurched heavily to one side. The constable's body worked more quickly than his mind, for he caught at the falling man.

The fellow's shielding hat fell from his head, and the special officer saw in the hollow of his arm a face very small and very pale, a face infinitely pathetic, framed by a great mass of brown hair.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

His poacher was a girl—and she had fainted in his arms.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN the girl opened her eyes, she found herself in a place of semi-darkness, of shifting lights and shadows, and of musty, pleasant smells.

She was lying on a camp-cot, fitted with an air-pillow that felt infinitely soothing to her dizzy head. From underneath her body as she lay—from somewhere below the floor—she heard the sound of water that ran laughing and purring as if it had a secret too delicious to keep or yet to tell aloud. There was art-magic in this!

At one side of the room, a huge box stretched diagonally from floor to raftered ceiling. Had her head felt less confused, she would have known it for the boarding of an old covered staircase. In what seemed a giant's cavern expanding beyond the open door of the room, she made out a tangle of pillars and levers and belts—all in ruins—and two great blocks of granite, lying horizontally, one a-top the other.

What this wilderness of baffled forces was, she did not try to guess. She was content to feel a comforting warmth come stealing through all her body—and so closed her eyes, minded to sleep.

Some uneasy jog of her bewildered senses forced her to open them again. She frowned up at the soft gray streamers that hung overhead. What were they?—and where did this warmth that drowsed her body and mind come from? She should be standing on the edge of the corn-field, shivering in the wind that bit her soft body through her strange garments—yes, and shivering with fright, too, that she must strip another's property of an armful of roasting ears in the dead of night!

Her puzzled glance travelled up a broad band of light, and rested on a man who was in the act of straightening up from feeding a fire that roared in an ancient stone fireplace.

"Where—where am I?"



The man at the fireplace wheeled sharply. The light leaped from a breadth of bright metal over his heart. The girl's hands hid her eyes.

"O-oh!" The voice was very low. "I thought—for a minute—it was all a dream. I hoped—you were n't a policeman—and I was n't on my way—to jail!"

At the word, he drew a step nearer her. "This is n't a jail. It's only the old mill—Ireland's Mill."

"But you're a police-officer. It was you who—caught me just now?"

"Well—yes." By the shaded light of the student-lamp that stood on a pine table, he tried to see her face under her tumbled hair. "I hope—sincerely—I did n't hurt you."

"No-o—only, you frightened me—horribly. But you had a right to hurt me—I know that. A policeman has a right to hurt—a thief." She threw back her head with a pitiful attempt at defiance. "Well—I'm ready."

"Ready?"

"Ready to go to jail!"

"Well, I'm not ready to take you there. I intend to give you something to eat, first of all."

"To eat!"

"To eat" were the words. I think I should n't have been able to catch you if you'd had hot scrambled eggs and coffee for dinner or supper. But it is n't too late."

"Hot—scrambled—eggs!" Her tone was awed.

"That's what I'm about to give you."

"Give me!"

She stared up at him, her chin trembling. Then she turned on her side so that her face was toward the darkness of the great milling-room beyond the open door. After a long moment, she faced him again—her eyes sought his wonderingly.

"Do—do constables usually feed their prisoners before they take them to prison?"

"I mean to feed *you*, at any rate. First, let me get you nearer the fire."

He stooped, and swept the cot—her slight body at full length upon it—fair before the hearth, and into the glow of the lamp. Then he stepped back and stared down at her.

Under his gaze, she slowly raised herself to a sitting posture, and began to smooth her hair. Her eyes were downcast, but he divined that they were as brown as the hair she was arranging with shaking fingers. Her cheeks flushed and paled painfully.

"I suppose you think it's—especially horrid for a girl to—and in these clothes, and——" she glanced up, a new terror in her eyes—"and at night—alone!"

He gave her a look, grave and steady. Before it, the nameless fear in her face slowly faded.

"It's not my business to think—yet," he said. "It's my business just now to handle a chafing-dish—and I'm really not bad at that." He moved toward the side of the room, but paused, half-smiling. "If you want to run away while my back's turned, you may be able to give me another chase of it. But if you're hungry, please don't run." He smiled outright. "Besides, I remember I bolted the door." He turned abruptly to a rude shelf, and began deft preparation for supper.

The girl, coiling her hair, and surreptitiously straightening her attire as best she could, felt herself slipping back into the world of unreality in which she had lately lain—the waking dream, indeed, in which she had lived for a fortnight.

Her captor set a chafing-dish on the wooden seat of a tall stool that, full fifty years gone, had supported some Jack-o'-the-Mill while he posted his flour-powdered account-books—for this room had been the office of the mill.

From the shelf he produced two little alcohol lamps. One he slipped under the chafing-dish, the other beneath a coffee-pot already filled with water. In the chafing-dish he dropped a lump of butter, not too large. Then the girl, half dazed and half starved, heard the delicious sound of savory eggs sizzling on the hot metal of a pan.

As she used to think long afterward, she really became fully conscious that night only when she saw her captor seated opposite her, and realized that there was a glorious portion of golden eggs on her plate, duly flanked by a half-dozen biscuit, and a knife and fork.

"No time to make toast," he said apologetically. "Those crackers are n't bad, though. And here—I'll give the butter a fair wind. Please begin, for I'm hungry, too."

Like an obedient child, she took a mouthful of the food. Almost instantly, an exquisite glow of relief went through her body. She looked up at him across the table, her eyes very large and as brown as winter leaves.

"O-oh!"

He grinned cheerfully. "Go ahead—eat!" He poured out a cup of coffee for her, and added a modicum of sugar and cream. "And drink—and be merry—while things are hot."

She was ravenous—starving—and if she ate with keen enjoyment of the food, to the temporary forgetfulness of the impending shame of her situation, let those blame her who have never known hunger.

He made a stout pretense of eating, studying her covertly the while. He fancied that in her proper garb she might be tall and full-figured; but in her ill-fitting masculine attire she seemed to be only a child.

While he had been busy preparing supper, she had smoothed and

coiled her hair in a dexterous fashion. The neckerchief which, caught over her chin, had served as a mask for the lower part of her face, was now neatly tucked in so that a hand's-breadth of white throat showed. The buttoned coat was not too full for the lines of her figure.

In spite of the uncertain light, he made up his mind that her eyes—now and then shyly lifted to his—were long rather than round, and browner than any he had ever seen. Her chin was a little pointed, not sharply, but enough to promise archness and humor if the sun should shine for her again.

Who and what was she?—he wondered. Her low-pitched voice and clear enunciation, her quiet air, the very fingers that hovered over her plate and cup, told him that this was no ordinary farmhand's bouncing daughter—far less the unsexed consort of some lazy tramp.

The rays of the moon, of the lamp, and of the fire, danced with the shadows of the old mill, as the wind danced with the cobwebs that hung from the rafters overhead. Under their feet, the water sang across the mouldering floor of the mill-tail. From the forest without, a screech-owl sent up his quavering cry. The wind, abandoning its cobweb partners in the roof, stirred from the floor a spiral of dust until it climbed about a moonbeam as a sailor clambers along a jack-stay, hand under hand.

Once again the deputy helped the girl to eggs and biscuit, and twice he filled her coffee-cup. But in what he thought all too short a time she pushed her plate aside, put her chin in her hands, and gazed at him steadily, her eyes shining.

"Before—before we have to talk about—business," she said, "I want to thank you for—this. You don't know—I mean, I did n't know until very lately—how *soul*-destroying it is not to have enough to eat. Whatever happens to me, I'm very grateful."

"Will you tell me something? How long had you been without food?"

"Since luncheon—yesterday."

He managed to repress an exclamation of pity and consternation. "And then I suppose you lunched royally on a few pieces of ruined corn—roasted?"

"Boiled," she corrected conscientiously. "And I had a slice of bread, too."

Beneath the table, his hands gripped hard on his knees. Without a word, he rose, cleared away dishes and table in a dozen sure motions, and dragged up an ancient carpet-backed rocking-chair.

"Won't you sit here? It's more comfortable than the edge of that cot. I want to talk to you."

The girl sank into the rocking-chair as if she would willingly have sunk on into the blackness of the mill-tail that rippled below the floor. Her eyes, brave but hunted, met his.

He drew up a chair in front of her.

"Now," he began, "I wish you'd tell me who you are—why it's necessary for a girl like you to—ah—to poach. In fact, I wish you'd tell me all about yourself."

His tone was very gentle, but the girl, although conscious of its kindness, heard in every word the approach of her punishment, and felt the anguish of her imminent exposure to the world. So, in response to his question, she could only stare wretchedly before her.

"Well?" he said encouragingly.

"I—I can't."

He misunderstood her. "Take your time. There's no hurry."

Her hand pressed her fluttering throat. "I—I can't. I can say—nothing."

"O-oh! You mean you won't?"

She nodded miserably. "I—I shall say nothing. I know it's your duty—to make me, if you can, but——" She sank deeper into the soft back of the chair. The ache in her throat was well-nigh intolerable. "You—you'd better take me to jail now, for I can't—answer you."

"Jail!" he cried in sheer dismay. "Jail! Is that what you're breaking your heart over? I thought I explained that already. Good heavens! child, you're not going to be put in jail!"

She gave a low cry—full of an incredulous joy. "You don't intend to——"

"No! No! No!" He gave her a penetrating glance. "And look here! I'm not going to tell any one about this affair, either."

"O-oh!" It was a sob.

Her hands hid her face, but the tears crept between her tight-pressed fingers.

### CHAPTER III.

For a moment he watched the weeping girl, pity in his eyes. Then he moved softly to a window, and, his back toward the rocking-chair, stared out into the night.

In no great while he felt a timid touch on his arm, and turned to find her at his side. Her face was upturned, and the tears still shone on her lashes.

"You—are so kind—to me."

As if it were the most natural action in the world, he slipped his arm over hers and took her hand in his. She glanced up at him, then let her shoulder sink against his arm with a confidence he found very touching.

"Look out here," he said, "where the ground falls away to the swamp. The stream and the woods—and the very edge of the old mill-wheel there, almost under the window! Is n't it all quiet—and mys-

terious? I've heard they call this the Haunted Mill, because some Hessians were killed in it during the Revolution. I like the stillness of it."

She gave a sigh of content. "Yes, it's—lovely. Did you know there's a muskrat's house under that thick willow over there?"

"No; is there? You like this old mill, then?"

"Oh, yes. It's one of my favorite spots of all the world. I used to come here often to see this very view. Not at night, of course—usually in the afternoon. I've stayed here so long after sunset that Mother has been frightened and has sent one of the men after me."

They were standing arm-in-arm in the friendliest fashion. Her little hand resting confidently in his filled him with immense content.

Their faces were set close to the dusty window-panes—hers a pane lower than his—like those of two children peering out, hopefully fearful of goblins after a fantastic tale of their nurse's. Outside, the water dripped from the great black mill-wheel; the owl whose wailing they had heard flapped across the stream like a giant moth; the willow on the opposite bank stirred as if the muskrat swam among the branches that dipped in the brook.

"You have n't been here lately?" he asked craftily.

"No, not since Mother's illness made her want me near her so much."

"She's no better, then?"

"No. She does n't have much of a chance now, you know."

Suddenly he felt ashamed to lead her on in this way to revelations which she did not know she was making. He was silent, therefore—so long that she looked up at him anxiously—and understood.

"O-oh!" she said. "I almost told you everything!" Her cheeks flushed with resolution. "I *will* tell you! You've been so—so forbearing with me, you've a *right* to know."

"Don't tell me a word that you'd rather not. I only thought I might help you in some way."

"Nobody can do that," she said wistfully; "but I'll tell you everything." Her hand unconsciously pressed deeper into his. "I *want* to tell you. I'm dying to speak out to somebody. And you look so—trustable."

All eagerness, she almost dragged him to the place where the two chairs faced each other. When they sat down, he was forced to drop her hand at last—so reluctantly that a demure smile twitched the corners of her mouth.

"Now, then," she said.

But as he leaned forward in expectation at the word, the lamplight shone again on his deputy's shield as well as on his smooth, boyish face and even white teeth.

She gave an exclamation. "I know who you are now!"



"Have n't you known all along? There's no secret about that."

"Of course not, but I only just happened to think of it. You're the new State detective."

"Hum-m! Hardly a detective."

"State constable, then, or whatever the official title is. You're the one the newspapers called the 'very skilful officer from Philadelphia.' You've come down to catch the tramps—yeggmen, you call them, don't you?—the ones who've been robbing the post-offices. Mr. O'Brien, is n't it? I knew you could n't be an ordinary policeman."

"Ah! I'm afraid I can only lay claim to being a 'special officer'—whatever that means."

"I'm sure the newspapers called you a 'State detective.'"

"Well, 'I shall attempt neither to palliate nor deny.'"

She stared a little. "'Palliate nor deny'! That's from one of Burke's orations, is n't it? No—William Pitt, before the House of Commons, of course. Can a police officer have read English history?"

"It ought to increase his usefulness, don't you think?"

"I beg your pardon—it was rude of me to say that. But, at any rate, I'm sure you're not at all my ideal of a detective."

"I'm sorry if I don't come up to expectations."

"I'd always thought there were only two kinds of detectives: the real kind—big and round-shouldered, with a big, bristly mustache and big, knotty fists, you know——"

"I think I've seen that kind."

"And the other, the story-book detective—the Sherlock Holmes sort, you know—very thin and distinguished-looking, and very immaculate and mysterious, and a little gray over the temples—and, of course, wonderfully clever!"

"It's hard to be ruled out of that class."

"Don't you see? What I mean is, you're a new kind, ever so much nicer than either of the others."

"For so much, my thanks!"

"You are nothing but a boy, and you look like a college boy at that."

"The heinous crime of being a young man, I shan't attempt to 'palliate nor deny,' either. And I confess I *was* a 'college boy' only two years ago."

"I was sure of it. And yet now you're a detective!"

"Why not? Somebody has to be. And it's a profession that's absolutely necessary as long as civilization is what it is."

"I suppose so, but—well, I should think it would have made you—different."

"I have n't been at it long enough for it to have had much effect," he said cheerfully.

She gazed up at him, plainly pondering how he came to be in his present profession. She saw that he was smiling broadly.

"What is it? These dreadful clothes!" The hot blood mounted in her cheeks. "Don't make fun of me—please! It's bad enough to be in them."

"No, no," he protested. "I was n't laughing at the clothes. But the things do disguise you so that I can't make out whether you're sixteen or sixty."

"Sixty!"

"That is stretching it a little. But in a man's rig, you know, a woman looks any age to a man's eye."

"I'm just twenty," she returned, a trifle indignantly.

"Twenty! Hum-m! Does n't Shakespeare say something delightful about that age?"

"You must n't expect me to be as well up on literature as a State detective!"

"Now I've been impertinent," he returned humbly. "I beg your pardon."

She started, and glanced from him about the shadowy room.

"It's my fault," she said contritely. "I forgot where we were. I forgot *who* we were. I sat you down here to tell you what I think you've a right to know—because you've been so patient and kind to me. And now you're probably thinking I've changed my mind, and that I've deliberately been trying to divert you from the truth. But I have n't—honestly. No—please let me go on while I've the courage."

She drew a long breath and clasped her hands tightly in her lap. A frown creased her forehead above her brown eyebrows.

"Well," she began, with soft emphasis, "it's all the fault of that grasping Turke."

"Turke!"

"Mr. Michael Turke. Oh! I forgot he's your employer."

"He is n't."

"If you're employed by the county to guard his property, it's the same thing."

"Not at all. It's very different."

"At any rate, I hate him. Her tone was the more bitter for its quietness."

"You do? Hate him? Why?"

"Don't you know?"

"No; I certainly don't."

"I hate him because—because I'm Margery Moore!"

She sat back with an air of finality. But he only made a bow in acknowledgment of her name, and sat quietly attentive. She eyed him in doubt.

"Don't you know who I am now—really?"

He stared. "No; why should I?"

"That's true. I suppose there's no reason you should—now that I think of it. A detective is n't necessarily told all his employer's—I mean his client's—private affairs, is he?—just because he guards his property. But I think I'd better not tell you about myself. To make you understand what I'm doing here, I'd have to tell you about Mr. Turke—the unspeakable Turke!"

"Heavens! Is he as bad as that?"

"Worse!"

"I don't want to urge you, Miss Moore, but just because I'm a special officer on Turke's property does n't mean I have to love Turke. If he's a rascal—a skinflint—I want to find it out in time. Whatever you're willing to tell me will be *entre nous*—on my honor."

"I know—I know. I'm sure of that." She settled herself less rigidly in the carpet-backed chair. "Well, then, I may as well begin at the beginning."

He leaned forward, gravely attentive. But he was not yet to hear what she had to tell, for he saw her eyes widen.

"Listen!" she said in a tense whisper. "What was that?"

"Did you think you heard something?" he smiled. "The ghost of a Hessian, perhaps."

She glanced fearfully about the room. "No. Listen!"

In spite of himself, his voice sank to a level with hers. "The wind?"

"No, it was n't that." Again she glanced fearfully about. "I thought I heard somebody—something. I felt as if—something—were reaching out to clutch me—from behind."

On the instant, in startling confirmation of her fear, there was a heavy blow on the outer door of the mill.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AT the sound, the girl started from her chair, her outstretched hands imploring him. He took them promptly in his own, and his easy smile assured her of protection.

"Don't be afraid."

"Oh!—you know who it is?"

"No; but probably it's some one who has noticed the light from the highroad. I'll soon send him about his business."

At once she seemed relieved, either on account of his confident tone or of the trust in him she had already learned to feel. But even as her fears were passing away, his own began to stir—for her sake.

He stared at her. "By Jove!" His low whistle expressed his perplexity and consternation.

"What is it?"

"I think perhaps you'd better get out of the way before I open the door. It might be—rather awkward."

"Awkward? You mean for me?"

"Well—yes."

"Why? O—oh—I see. You mean, if any one finds me here—with you—so late—and dressed like this!"

The possible tragedy of her situation had now fully dawned upon her, yet there suddenly came to her the coolness of manner and tone which she for that night never afterward lost.

"What shall I do?"

Her question was almost inaudible in the sound of another heavy blow on the outer door. A voice followed the blow.

"Hello, in there! Open up!"

"Go into the other room—the dark room—quick!" he whispered. "Stand away from the doorway, and no one can possibly see you. Don't be afraid."

She nodded. Her hand pressed to her cheek, her head half turned as if to assure him of her courage, she tiptoed across the room and into the blackness beyond.

He strode to the door, unbolted it, and boldly threw it wide. Two men instantly advanced into the room, but he was the first to speak.

"Hello, Bacon! That you, Ayres? What's the row?"

The two men gaped upon him. The foremost was a square-shouldered, middle-aged farmer, with a stubbly mustache, and weather-beaten features wherein shone a pair of kindly blue eyes. His disordered garments showed that he had come hastily from his bed. The other man was much younger, sandy-haired, and with a mouth too much indented. His shiny black "cutaway" and checked trousers, his "made-up" tie and russet shoes, proclaimed the "hired hand" bound for or returning from town.

"Anything wrong?" pursued the special officer tranquilly.

"Why! It's you, is it?" said the older man, still staring. "No, sir, there's nothing wrong, if it ain't with you. We did n't know if you were all right or not. We saw the light in the old mill here, and we did n't know but what some of them tramps——"

"No, I lighted the fire. I've been having a little supper."

"Well, that's just about what I reckoned in the first place, but Nate here he would have it you'd got into a real scrape watching for them thieves. He reckoned mebbe you were being kep' pris'ner here—or mebbe somethin' worse had happened to you."

"That was a pretty wild guess of yours, Ayres."

The man shuffled his feet uneasily. "It was kind of on account of this here." He held up a battered, broad-brimmed felt hat, at sight of

which the deputy barely repressed a start. "I found this, comin' along the lower path a while ago——"

"The lower path! At this time of night?"

"Nate's keepin' comp'ny with one of the girls on the Raceway Farm," explained Bacon. "The lower path's the short cut through the swamp."

The farmhand grinned sheepishly. "I found this here hat back of the mill a piece, and I thought I could feel out there 'd been consider'bul kickin' up of dirt around there. So I went and woke up Mr. Bacon here, and we——"

"I'm much obliged for the hat," interrupted the deputy, carelessly taking possession of it, and tossing it on the table. "I did n't even realize I'd left it behind."

Nate gaped. "That's so. Of course, it's *your* hat. I never took notice you was bareheaded."

"I'm sorry you had your trouble for nothing, Bacon, and I'm obliged to you for coming to look after me—you too, Ayres. But, you see, I'm all right. I won't keep you out of bed any longer."

At this hint, the overseer led the way to the door, but halted on the stoop outside.

"You don't reckon there's any place in the mill here where anybody might be hidin', do you?"

This time the other was utterly unable to conceal his start. "What! What do you mean?"

"Why, you see, we kind of thought we could hear voices a-talking in here—when we was trying to open the door sudden-like."

"Voices?"

"It sounded that way. And, seeing there's nobody here but you, I was wonderin' if some tramps were n't layin' low here, after all—some of them yeggmen, mebbe—upstairs, or somewheres we could hear 'em through the cracks when they were talkin', but you could n't on account of messin' round with your dishes and fryin'-pan there."

The constable achieved a laugh. "You may have heard my voice, now I think of it. I remember I was repeating a quotation out loud. That's a bad habit of mine. It might easily be rather awkward for me some time."

"That's so," chuckled Nate, from the darkness of the lower step of the stoop. "Specially if you was ever to speak part of a piece kind of soft—like a girl's voice."

"Good-night," said the deputy shortly.

He closed and bolted the door, waited a moment until he heard retreating footsteps, then crossed the room.

"All right," he called softly.

The brown hair and eyes, the small, oval face, appeared out of the



darkness of the milling-room as some marvellously handsome boy might have appeared from the sanctuary of a temple.

"They've gone," he said.

"You were awfully clever to get rid of them like that. But *who* was that man who said something about a voice—and a girl? Do you suppose he guessed?"

"A farmhand named Ayres, Nate Ayres. Confound his hayseed soul! I don't know whether he meant anything or not. I think not. But some of these rustics are shrewd. 'Rough, tough, and devilish sly,' by Jove! But whatever he thinks, he'll keep it to himself. I fancy he knows which side his bread is buttered on. He won't dare tell any one, even if he does suspect—and I don't believe he does."

"He might tell the girl at Raceway Farm, you know."

"Oh, yes, confound him! Of course, he'd tell his sweetheart. But I think—I'm sure—it was absolutely a chance shot."

She looked relieved. "It's horribly late, and I think it's high time I was getting home—if you'll let me go."

"Home? Of course, I'll let you. But it had n't occurred to me you had a home." He gazed at her in a puzzled fashion. "It's queer—it had n't entered my head that you'd have to be leaving me at all. But, of course, this sort of thing could n't go on forever, could it?"

"No," she said rather shyly. "You've been—you've been so good to me, but I really must go. It must be long past eleven o'clock. Have n't you a watch?"

He drew it out and inspected it gravely. "The fire's out, and I rather think I can't see."

Her little head brushed his arm. "But I can—by the lamplight! Goodness! it's nearly twelve o'clock. I must go." She held out her hand. "Good-night."

"Good-night? Not yet. I'll take you home, of course."

"No, no!"

He stared. "What, child! Leave you to wander about alone at midnight? That won't do."

"Oh, yes; you must. Please!"

"Really, I can't let you go alone. We're miles out here in the country—and in the woods."

"Yes, you must. You don't understand." He did not, for he stared astonished at her evident distress. "No—not where I live. You can't see *that*!"

He fancied he understood at last. "Do you think I'm such poor stuff that I won't respect your home, even if it is—humble?"

"Oh, it is n't that," she said. "It's humble enough, but it is n't that. You—you would laugh at it, because it is ridiculous."

"Laugh at it——" he began indignantly.

"You'd be bound to. Any one would. One *has* to do it. I do myself often. But I could n't bear to have you."

"I won't."

"You could n't help it. Please let me go alone. You don't understand."

"No, I don't," he said sadly. "I hoped you would trust me, by this time. But if you don't, I won't pain you by insisting any longer."

"I do trust you. I do!"

He looked at her expectantly, but she only hung her head in distress.

"Good-night, then—Margery Moore."

Her bosom rose. She bit her lip, evidently fighting against her impulse to speak out.

"Good-night—Mr. O'Brien. And thank you—with all my heart."

He was slowly relinquishing her hand when it tightened on his. She stooped and in one breath extinguished the lamp. The room was left in darkness, save where a few embers smouldered redly in the fireplace, and the moonlight slipped a phantom finger in at the window.

This time there was no need for the girl to whisper, "Listen!" Above their heads a sudden noise had shaken the whole mill—the staccato thud of men's feet stumbling in the dark over an unexpected obstacle. Through the planking of the boxed staircase a fierce oath was audible, enforcing silence on the stumblers.

The deputy felt the girl's lips at his ear. "Tramps!"

He released her hand and started forward at the word, but her startled arm, flung out for him, fell about his neck.

"No, no! If—if they should overpower you!"

"Run, child!" he whispered. "Quick! While you can."

"Not without you. You may be killed!"

"Nonsense! Run for help."

"No!" Her arm wound closer—her cheek was fairly against his. "I shan't leave you."

"You must."

"No! Come with me—or think what will become of me if they——"

She felt his yielding in his relaxing muscles. "Come!" she breathed imploringly. "I know every inch of this old place."

Her arm fell from his neck, but, taking his hand, she began to guide him noiselessly and surely across the floor just as a stumbling body lunged heavily against the door of the covered staircase.

The special officer followed his guide blindly. In a moment the uproar of the groping and cursing men grew fainter behind them. He felt her stoop; then there was a rush of air. A lesser darkness, that by contrast seemed almost light, gaped at his feet. There was the murmur of broken water.

"The ladder to the mill-wheel," she whispered. "Go first—I'll

close the trap-door. Don't slip at the bottom. There's a board floor there, but the water runs over it."

He descended without a sound. When he stepped off the lowest rung of the ladder, the water of the mill-tail gurgled about his ankles. At the end of a sort of tunnel of planking glimmered a space where the moonlight lit a yard-wide stretch of grass between the base of the mill and the forest beyond.

He glanced up—the feet of the descending girl were almost at his shoulder.

When she had come a rung or two lower, he reached up, took her gently but determinedly in his arms, and bore her through the laughing water, straight across the moonlit glade and into the forest tangle beyond.

## CHAPTER V.

HER little feet trailed below his left arm; his right was about her shoulders. Even through the thick mass of her hair, he could feel how her cheek was burning. It was night—he was alone in the forest with her—and she was in his arms.

But he was not one to permit the situation to continue longer than he had just reason for. When they were safe within the screening undergrowth, he put her gently on her feet.

"Thank you," she said as simply as if to be carried in such fashion were a matter of everyday occurrence with her. "If those men are looking for us, won't they be fooled!" She gave a soft laugh. "I hope they don't get their feet wet—as you did."

"If they have n't wet throats, I'm mistaken!"

"Oh! Do you mean they were a little—drunk? Yes, perhaps that was the reason they were so noisy. I'm glad we did n't linger."

"Where to now—Margery Moore?"

"Well, if we strike straight through the woods, we'll find the lower path. We can go along that."

"But the lower path leads out past the mill," he said, as he began to grope through the laurel in her wake.

"I mean in the other direction—to the Cove—Ireland's Cove on the Tumbling Dam, you know. I've a canoe there."

"Ah! But if that's so, why did n't you run that way when——"

"When you chased me! Because I did n't want to betray my real destination."

"I see. You played the mother quail with the broken wing."

"The path can't be far now. Yes, here it is." She halted. "Those tramps! You don't suppose they'll do any harm in the mill, do you? Might n't they set it on fire?"

"No, I think not. It's the last thing they'd do—intentionally, at

any rate. It's too snug a hang-out for them to want to lose. I don't think they were after us just now. They'd probably been having a quiet drinking-bout and had lost grip of themselves."

In the darkness, he heard her laugh, very softly.

"What are you laughing at, child?"

"What a night of adventure it has been! And—how delicious that supper you gave me was! If you only knew!"

They broke out of the tangle into the path they had raced along an hour or more before.

"You say you have a canoe at Ireland's Cove?" he asked.

"Yes."

"May I go with you that far, then? One of those tramps might stray——"

She put her hand trustfully on his arm. "I'll be glad if you'll take me all the way home. Not because I'm afraid of meeting a tramp, but—I was foolish to mind about your seeing where I live. When a girl has been chased by a man—seized by him—fed by him—saved from gossip and from tramps by him—all in one night, it seems silly and ungrateful to be ceremonious with him, does n't it?"

"It does," he agreed firmly.

They made their way along the path, skirting the edge of the swamp. Now and then a splash told that frog or turtle, outraged at their approach, had sought consolation in a pool.

The trees grew taller and closer together here, and the darkness correspondingly impenetrable. By and by, hearing him stumbling rather helplessly behind her, she took his hand to guide him.

"Let me be eyes for you. I know every root in this path."

"Thank you," he said with fervor. "I don't mind stumbling, but these saplings and briars switch me in the face so viciously that——" He broke off with a suppressed exclamation.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing—a branch."

"O-oh!" Her voice was pitying. "Did one strike you across the eyes? I am so sorry. It was my fault—I let a twig fly right back at you! You poor man! Does it hurt? Can you see?"

"No, it's too dark," he laughed.

"But do your eyes smart?"

"A little—but you've cured them."

"I'll be more careful," she promised.

They had reached a section of the woods where the trees began to stand farther apart. At intervals between the boles there was a gleam of ebon light, such a light as shines at night in a girl's brown eyes.

"We're nearly there now," she said. "That's the Tumbling Dam there."

They moved forward a few rods more—the forest divided to form a flat glade—they stood on the shore of the lake.

The quiet water of the long cove stretched away before them, jade-black under the moon. On left and right, what seemed to be walls of impenetrable murk marked where the forest hemmed it in. Now and then shapes of swamp-mist floated eerily across it.

"Which way do we go?"

"Straight out of the Cove to Piney Point," she said, "then across the lake to—the 'Eyrie.'"

"The 'Eyrie'?" Oh! That must be that curious-looking box in the tops of the trees—like a Negrito's hut in the Philippines."

She nodded, her face averted. He gave her a keen glance.

"Is that——? Do you——?"

"Yes; that's our house."

"And were you afraid I'd laugh at that?—at you because you live there?" he demanded quickly. "Why? I think it's one of the most charming-looking places I ever saw."

"Really? Do you?"

"Yes. I noticed it from the lake yesterday. It looked as if it were fairly floating over the treetops. How in the world does it stick up there—like the nest of a giant?"

"You'll see—if you still mean to go that far with me."

"I want nothing better than to go even farther—with you."

"You're a reckless sort of man."

"Wild as a hawk—mad as a March hare—crazy as a loon—but ready to go far with you!"

Even in the dim light, he could see her eyes dance.

"That's my canoe there." She pointed to a knockabout cedar-and-canvas craft drawn up on the rooty shore.

"Good! My battleship is padlocked to a stump over here." He moved a few yards, and from its hiding-place under a thicket of elder drew out a clinker-built skiff.

"Oh, ho!" she said. "If I had seen that when I landed here to-night, I'd have known there was a trap laid for me."

"I was exploring the lake yesterday," he explained. "Suppose we both get in the skiff. We'll be more comfortable than in your canoe. We can tow it behind."

He established her midway in the boat, solicitous with cushion and lazy-back for her comfort, then took up the oars.

"I'll push instead of pull,—then I can face you. Even if it is dark, perhaps I can see you a little. Are you ready? Heave ho!"

The oars caught the water, and the skiff, towing the light canoe, began to draw away softly from the land.

The stars twinkled down, and helped the moon to trace a silver



filigree on the blades of the oars. A swirl in the water not far from the boat betrayed the passage of a pike or a black bass. A feathered bulk, gigantic in the uncertain light, passed so close that involuntarily the oarsman ducked his head.

"Only a blue heron," she laughed.

On the left, the wall of darkness seemed to grow a shade more dense, and as the skiff moved closer to it, an odor of balsam scented the air.

"Are n't the pines on Piney Point delicious?" she said. "Have you ever noticed the sandy patch there where lions have their dens?"

"Lions? What do you mean, child?"

"Lions—of a sort. Don't you know?"

"No; I'm still in the dark."

"I'll show you some day."

"When?" he demanded alertly.

"Any day you like."

"Very well—to-morrow. What time?"

"Are you in earnest?" she asked.

"Certainly I'm in earnest. Don't say you are n't! What time to-morrow will you meet me on Piney Point and show me—lions?"

"Oh! Well—at ten o'clock. But not to-morrow—the next day. I think I'll want a good sleep to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow, then—that'll be Thursday—at ten o'clock," he repeated. "It's a promise!"

"We-ell—"

"Margery Moore—do you promise?"

"Yes."

"No matter what happens, you'll be there?"

"Yes. What can happen?"

"One never knows," he said with sudden gloom, bending to his oars.

"Here's the end of Piney Point," she said, indicating a dimly discernible line of trees. "The Cove ends here, you know. One more stroke. Ah! Now we're out on the main part of the lake."

At the word, he stopped rowing, and let the boat drift as it pleased. The shimmering water stretched all about them. The lake did not extend much more than a mile from north to south, and perhaps not half that from east to west; but at night, under the moon, it loomed limitless.

From the southeast the roar of the falls was now distinctly audible, yet only loud enough to beat lullingly upon the ear. To the east gleamed a light, too large for a star, and yet too high in air for a camp-fire. He knew that there was no house of the ordinary sort on all that shore.

"The light over there—the 'Eyrie'? Where you live?"

She let one hand trail listlessly in the water as the skiff swung broadside about. "Yes, that's it. Mother always keeps a lamp—a lamp?—the lamp—she keeps it burning to guide me home. I've had two homes

in my life, and both had queer names. The 'Eyrie' over there, and 'Wigwam,' whose cornfields you—were protecting."

"'Wigwam'! Did you ever live there?"

"All my life—until three months ago. That's really home for me, you know—if it were n't for the unspeakable Turke."

Then, while her hand trailed in the water, and the skiff, before the frosty breath of the autumn air, drifted slowly across the lake toward the light that glowed just above the treetops, the special officer heard at last how Margery Moore became a poacher.

## CHAPTER VI.

"THE short and simple annals of the poor'—this particular poor, at any rate—can be told in two words." She smiled up at him ruefully. "You see, we were prosperous, then my father died and left us with hardly anything. We had to go to live in the 'Eyrie.' What little money we had gave out. I had to steal to live. That's all."

The deputy gasped at this concise autobiography, delivered in a colorless tone.

"All!"

"Yes." Upon reflection, she seemed to think her account might properly be more detailed in one particular. "These clothes were an old knockabout suit of my father's."

"I'm afraid I don't understand. I don't want to be too curious, but I think your story needs—ah—expansion to be entirely clear. For example, where does the unspeakable Turke come in?"

"Of course. I see now I have n't told you a thing about that—or much about anything."

"To tell the truth, you have n't."

She lifted her hand from the water, and let it lie on the gunwale of the boat. It made a little white patch in the darkness, and thrilled him with a sense of its being rather forlorn and in need of protection.

"The Moores have lived in 'Wigwam' there for generations"—she nodded toward the western shore—"ever since Cohanzick, the old Indian chief of West Jersey, sold the land to the first Moore. He came over in Cromwell's time. Well, the Moores always prospered until—until poor Father—his name was Mark Moore—until he inherited the property. Even as long as he lived, every one thought—Mother and I thought—that we were more lucky in that way than most people. Then Father died suddenly of pneumonia, and they found he'd been speculating. It must have been a—mania. There was no need for him to do it."

He nodded understandingly. "I've known two or three cases like that. It is a mania."

"Mr. Johnston, our lawyer in town, soon had to tell us that even

our dear old 'Wigwam' was mortgaged—hopelessly. The only piece of land Mother has left in the world is the one the 'Eyrie' is built on. We used to use the 'Eyrie' for a sort of picnic place, you know, and Father made a shooting-box of it in the quail and woodcock season. It's about the mortgage on 'Wigwam' that your Mr. Turke comes in."

"But he did n't—did he ever know your father?"

"I suppose not—I don't know. He's a very rich New Yorker—he has thousands of mortgages probably! The one on 'Wigwam' passed through half a dozen—what is it, transfers?—before it fell into his hands. I dare say the name of Mark Moore meant nothing to him."

"And I'll wager he'd never heard of Margery Moore—far less ever seen her."

"Well, the next thing was that this Mr. Turke's lawyer sent word he'd foreclose on 'Wigwam'; and he did."

"Good heavens!"

"We had nowhere in the world to go except to the 'Eyrie.' He had a right to foreclose, according to law—I can see that—but he ought to have given us more time. That's why I call him the 'unspeakable Turke'—he fairly *hounded* us!"

"But perhaps it was n't his fault. Very likely he left everything to his lawyer, and never dreamed——"

"Not at all. I wrote a letter to his lawyer myself, enclosing one for Mr. Turke. I told him about our—our circumstances—how things were—that Mother was an invalid, and everything—and I asked him for a little more time. I hated to write him a letter like that—*begging* for mercy. It was horribly humiliating, but I did it for Mother's sake."

"Surely he——"

"He never even answered it!"

"Good Lord! I don't understand that. Look here: that confounded lawyer never forwarded the letter. That's it."

"Oh, yes, he did, because he wrote Mr. Johnston that Mr. Turke had 'no answer to make to the letter of Miss Moore.'"

"Of course he had n't, if he'd never seen the letter. That lawyer answered it without authority, I'll swear—I feel it in my bones. I don't believe you're giving Turke a fair show."

"I hate him! Not for myself, but for poor Mother! For her to live in that shack in the treetops, with no comforts, and hardly enough food! And the winter's almost here, too—what we'll do when it gets to be freezing weather——" Her voice trailed away.

"Was n't there anything at all left from your father's property—nothing unmortgaged?"

"Only some worthless stock—unfortunate investments he'd made. There was a lot of stock in an oyster company we hoped might be good some day—the company's still in existence, at least. It was that we

counted on, if Mr. Turke had only given us more time. Mr. Johnston has been trying hard to sell it for us, but that's worthless, too, apparently."

He was silent for a long time. "But, child," he said at last, very gently, "you must have relatives who would help you—and friends."

"Friends! Relatives!" said the girl almost fiercely. "Mother and I would rather die than let them help us! No, no! We've lived on the few dollars we had, and we didn't actually begin to starve until two or three weeks ago. Then I—we—*had* to get food."

He had caught the stumble over the pronoun. "How does your mother manage to live on withered corn and such indigestible stuff? Didn't you say she was an invalid?"

The girl hesitated, and turned her face away. "I—I made a careful calculation about two weeks ago, and I found there was just enough money left to—to——"

"To buy decent things for her for a little while longer, provided you allowed yourself to die by inches!" he exclaimed angrily.

"We-ell, I could n't let *her* suffer."

"And so you took to—poaching."

"To stealing," she corrected, with a little catch of the breath. "Stealing—for which I'd be in jail this minute if the detective who caught me had n't been the kindest, most considerate——"

"Tut, child! He may turn out blacker than he's being painted."

"Never!"

He leaned across the oars toward her. "Margery Moore," he said gravely, "pride is a splendid thing, but it can be overdone. Your mother is too proud to accept financial help from any one, yet she lets her daughter go out at night in man's clothes—to break the law."

"No, no," cried the girl. "Don't think that about her. She does n't know what I'm doing. She does n't dream of it."

"Oh! But how——"

"I change into these—horrid things in the lower room of the 'Eyrie,' and change back again before I see her. I have everything laid out, and it takes only an instant. She thinks I'm merely putting on my hat or taking it off. When I go out, she thinks I'm calling in town—there's a trolley-line about half a mile from the house. I've always started out early, and paddled about the lake here until it was late enough to be safe to—to raid the fields."

"But is n't she uneasy about your coming home so late?"

"I've never been nearly so late as this before, you know. And besides"—she hesitated, and, leaning forward a little farther, he saw the hot blood darkening her face—"I—I've pretended that a man, a nephew of Mr. Johnston's, brings me home."

"Humph! What sort of man is this nephew?"

"Oh, he is n't any sort—there is n't one. He's imaginary."

"A-ah! But does n't your mother ever suspect that?"

"No. The wood-road ends just behind the 'Eyrie,' and she's always upstairs, so she could n't see even if he—a man—were really with me. She does ask embarrassing questions sometimes."

He sat pondering what he had heard.

"There's one thing I can't understand." His tone betrayed indignation. "Can't she see you're half starved! I knew it myself as soon as I got a good look at you."

"Mother is n't very observing about such things—because she has been an invalid so long, I suppose. And then I—I pretend to eat. She does n't notice that—that—"

"That you only nibble," he finished for her. "I tell you, Margery Moore, sometimes I think women are simply adorable. By the way, you say there is n't any man visiting the Johnstons?"

"If there is, I don't know of it, nor know him."

"Well, there's a man in this skiff, at any rate," he declared cheerfully, "and he'll see you safe home to-night."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE moon was slipping slowly down behind the forests of the western shore. The skiff drifted so gently that not a ripple sighed under its keel. Except the distant roar from the falls over the spillway, not a sound disturbed the stillness of the lake. On the eastern shore, the star in the treetops had grown to an undoubted lantern. Abruptly the shore-line appeared close at hand, and the deputy thought he could make out the bulk of the "Eyrie" looming overhead.

"Thank you for listening so patiently to the sad story of my life," she half-smiled. "It has done me heaps of good to talk to you—almost as much good as that delicious supper did."

"It has done *me* good to hear you talk—and to see you get a little food. Rather! Do you know, I feel sorry for that man Turke. He could n't have received that letter you sent. He is n't the sort you think he is, I'm sure."

"Let's not talk about him. I know what sort he is—too well." She leaned toward him. "I've learned to know a different sort to-night."

Their faces were so close now that he saw again the deep brownness of her eyes. Her chin was a little tilted toward him, and her teeth showed white between lips red even under the tricky light of the stars.

What if he should slip his hand behind that little head and draw that sweet face to his? Would she resist? Would she coldly allow it as unavoidable payment for what he had done for her that night? Or, dizzying thought, would she meet his kiss gladly?



Unconsciously, she solved the problem by settling back with a little sigh. "It's dreadfully late. I'm afraid Mother will really be worried. I'll have to ask you to pull in to the landing."

A few more strokes brought them alongside a tiny roofed landing-place, built into the water at the bottom of a slope. He made out a railing, an old paddle lying on a bench, a tin can that must have done duty as a bailer. He tied the boat to a ring-bolt, hauled the canoe onto the landing, and then turned to her inquiringly.

"The 'Eyrie' is almost over our heads," she explained. "You need n't go any farther."

"It will be a real favor if you'll let me see you safe inside the door. You don't mind?"

"Oh, no. This way, then. Be careful—it's rather steep here—only a little way, though. And don't make a noise—Mother's probably dozing."

They mounted the path with due caution, and in a moment or two came to a halt.

"Here we are," she whispered.

He peered curiously about. They were standing at the crest of the slope, on a sort of platform built about the bases of several trees. At one side of this flooring, a building was raised on piles—so high that its first story began on a level with the tops of the "second-growth" oak trees. An open staircase, guarded only by a slender railing, leaped from the basic platform, and in three steep zigzags plunged from view through the floor of the structure above. Trickling down the sides of the house, the light of a lamp cast a faint glow upon the leaves below.

He pointed inquiringly to this soft and steady light.

"From Mother's room," she explained. "The 'Eyrie's' only one room square, but it's two stories high. It's piled up just like a couple of blocks that children play with. The room right over our heads is the kitchen, a combined kitchen and store-room. Then comes the bedroom—we have to use it for our dining-room, too. Mother always sits there."

"It's the most picturesque thing I ever saw," he declared heartily.

She put an anxious finger to her lip. "'S-sh! Mother has wonderfully sharp ears."

At that moment a soft voice floated down from the tree-tops:

"Margery!"

The girl started and stood tense.

"Margery!" called the soft voice again. "Is that you?"

She threw back her head. "Yes, dear, it's I."

"Ask Mr. Johnston to come up, Margery. I want to thank him for always bringing you home so kindly."

She was so close to him that he could see the look of dismay she turned upon him.

"A-ah!" she breathed. "She did hear your voice. I was afraid she would. What shall we do? Mr. Johnston—the imaginary one—the man *had* to have a name! He would n't have any excuse not to go up, would he? It's—it's ri-ridiculous!"

Her instinctive turning to him for a way out of the difficulty filled him with satisfaction. He ventured to pat her shoulder consolingly even as imagination and resolution spurred him.

"Take me up to see her. Why not?"

"What! Why *not*? You are n't Mr. Johnston!"

"I'm as much Mr. Johnston as an imaginary one is."

"O-oh! You mean——"

"Yes. I'll play my part, if you play yours."

The soft voice again floated down to them. "Don't bring Mr. Johnston up until I've had time to straighten up the room a little, Margery. I'll be ready in a moment. He's coming, is n't he?"

The girl's hand pressed her cheek. Her eyes shone on him.

"Yes—yes," he whispered.

"Yes, dear," she called up, with an exquisite gentleness that he hoped was meant, at least in part, for himself. "He'll come up—as soon as you're ready."

She whirled upon him. "I'll just have time to change into something—respectable." Anxiety suddenly vibrated in her voice. "Oh, if she should find out you're really a police-officer, it would be—horrible!"

"She won't," he said steadily.

"I'd trust you *anywhere*," she said, with soft emphasis. "I'll whistle in a moment."

She flashed up the zigzag staircase like a swallow.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IN an incredibly short time he heard a low whistle from the top of the staircase. He mounted promptly, only to find himself in a room dark save for the light that streamed from the head of a staircase that went above him in a single flight.

A figure, dimly glimpsed, called down: "One more ladder for to climb! Can you see?" There was excitement and warning in her voice. "Come straight ahead. There's nothing to stumble over—Mr. Johnston."

"Her voice fell like a falling star," he laughed back. "That's light enough for me."

Warned by the emphasis she had placed on his *nom de guerre*, he tore the police shield from his breast, slipped it into his pocket, and hurried up the stairs.

The room into which he emerged was square, and must have measured

twelve feet across. The walls, pierced on each side by a small window, were sheathed from the floor to ceiling in white pine, which gave out a pleasant scent of resin. One corner, with a considerable part of the adjacent floor, was discreetly hidden by a screen—doubtless a bed stood behind it. In another corner, a small oil stove struggled against the frostiness of the night air.

Except for half a dozen framed photographs, there was literally nothing of ornament on the walls, nor was there rug or mat to break the bareness of the floor. Two or three chairs stood about, and in the middle of the room the lamp was supported on a white-painted table of the sort known as "kitchen." Life in the "Eyrie" evidently had been reduced to its simplest terms.

The one item of garnishment that spoke of past glories was the great mahogany chair, upholstered in leather. The table seemed to cling deferentially to its arm.

In this chair sat a little woman of forty-five, who looked up at the young man with bright eyes that denied the significance of the crutch which leaned against her shoulder. The fashion of her gown—like the chair—was a survival from happier days. Her hair was threaded with gray, and there were lines of suffering about mouth and eyes.

She held out a thin hand to the visitor—something of the admiration that is the tribute of a woman's weakness to a man's strength in her friendly glance.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Johnston. It's so good of you to drive Margery home. You mustn't let her impose too much on your good nature."

He bowed over her hand. "It's I who do the imposing. I won't let any one else have the proud privilege of—ah—protecting her from tramps, you know." Under her eyes, he suddenly became acutely conscious of his outing costume. "We did n't drive to-night, as it happened—we rowed."

"So that's why Margery was so much later than usual. I was beginning to be a little worried, when I heard your voices. Rowing takes longer than driving."

"Either is quite too short under the circumstances," he smiled.

"Ah, Margery," said her mother, "it's easy to see Mr. Johnston has visited Blarney Castle in his time."

"Miss Moore knows I can be fierce enough when I try."

Turning to steal a laughingly significant glance at the girl, he started—blinked—stared. Unconsciously, he had expected to see her still in man's clothes—a small, rather forlorn figure in worn trousers and bag-like sack coat, a girl who, from time to time, flinched a little shamefacedly under his glance.

But in the chair on the opposite side of the table sat a tall, serene

young woman, gowned in white. Her brown eyes met his coolly, even a trifle haughtily. Her smile would have been cold, had it not been for the demureness that twitched the corners of her proud little mouth.

He had carried down a ladder, and brought through woodland and across lake, a rather pitiful boy, dependent upon him for protection and courtesy, even for freedom. Now he was facing a self-possessed girl under an inviolable roof—a woman guarded by a thousand conventions, and entrenched in the sacredness of her own Home.

The condescension which, only half wittingly, he had all along felt toward her—the pity of King Cophetua for his Beggar Maid—fell from him. Here was a girl to be deferred to; a girl whose disdain was to be deprecated, whose favor sought. He felt an overwhelming sense of his unworthiness to stand in that bare little room before this radiant goddess.

A wave of dismay swept over him. Not two hours before he had held that shoulder in a bruising clasp. Furtively he tried to make out bruise or mark on the fair flesh, but the cut of the gown was not low enough for him to be certain. He floundered in an inward prayer that she would not count against him what he had done in ignorance.

Something of what he felt must have been plain in his face, for the demure curve of her lips grew to an undeniable smile.

"I don't think you're dangerously fierce." Her eyes brimmed with laughter. "Of course, though, one never knows what a man really is."

"Oh, a woman masquerades sometimes, too," he retorted.

"Ye-es—in a different way."

"Yes, quite different."

Mrs. Moore understood that there was some sort of youthful joke between them. She smiled sympathetically, but without curiosity, and continued her quiet study of this young man who, as she thought, had displayed a notable persistence in escorting her daughter home.

She liked the smooth lines of his jaws and the rather full curves of his temples. His eyes were kindly, and his teeth were white and even. His head and neck were carried confidently above shoulders at ease but neither slouchy nor assertive.

She was an invalid and, perhaps, a dreamer, but in her time she had lived enough in the world to recognize this type of man.

Although she herself was an American by virtue of many generations, yet for the hundredth time she reflected upon the marvels of American life. She had the greatest respect for Mr. William Johnston as a man of business, but she could not reconcile his commonplace personality with this man-of-the-world nephew of his.

However, the latter was certainly a very substantial fact, and one whose presence seemed to brighten her daughter's eyes and to bring richer tones to her voice. Mrs. Moore was glad that she had created an opportunity to meet him.

He had seated himself where he could easily see both women, and particularly where he could watch how the lamplight made golden pools in the girl's hair.

"I did n't know Mr. Johnston had a brother," mused Mrs. Moore.

The special officer was willing and, indeed, able to play his part, but for him, a stranger, to explain the genealogy of the respectable family of Johnston assuredly would be highly hazardous. He turned a panic-stricken eye upon the girl.

She was prompt at rescue. "Neither did I, dear. But—here's the evidence."

"You don't live in West Jersey, I think," pursued Mrs. Moore.

"No. I live—almost anywhere. New York—and Washington—and California in the winter, more or less."

"California!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore. "I have n't seen it for five years. A heaven! A real heaven! You know Mount Tamalpais?—on the sea side of the mountain?"

"I've a shack on that side—on the slope above the Pacific."

"How lovely!" cried the girl. Her hands below the table-edge surreptitiously applauded his powers of invention.

"Then, you don't mind the afternoon fog?" continued her mother. "I never did, but some people do, you know."

"I like it." He twisted the corner of his mouth defiantly at the slyly applauding girl. "You see, my shack is—ah—rather a comfortable sort of place—big enough to hold enough people to keep one from feeling lonesome—and I like to have it full." His eye suddenly transfixed the mischievous creature on the other side the table. "By the way, I've been wanting to ask you, Mrs. Moore—I'd like awfully well to have you and Miss Moore run out with me next month, to California—and stay over Christmas. Won't you do it? It would be a real kindness to me, and it will do you both good to get away from this cold Eastern winter."

He had meant his invitation only as a notice to the girl that he was not to be put down by her mockery for his performance of the part she herself had assigned him. But now he sat aghast at the trouble that shadowed the faces of his hostesses.

Margery blushed from chin to brow. Her eyes stabbed his resentfully, then were turned studiously away. Her fingers clasped and unclasped themselves in her lap.

But much as he was concerned at these signs of displeasure, he cursed his thoughtlessness more when he observed the older woman's distress.

Her face had turned white, and by an instinctive movement she drew the handle of the crutch—hitherto so unobtrusive—into the hollow of her shoulder. Yet when she spoke her voice was very calm.

"You're very good, Mr. Johnston; but I fancy Margery and I will find it impossible to travel—this year."



The two last words were subtly indicative. It was necessary to remind him of embarrassments which for a moment he had thoughtlessly overlooked; yet he was not to suppose that such difficulties were anything more than temporary.

He looked from one to the other. "I'm sorry," he said in a sincere and manly tone. They understood. Under the guise of regret that his invitation could not be accepted, he was in reality disclosing his contrition for his thoughtlessness in asking them at all. Both women showed their forgiveness by a smile and bow.

He rose. "It's really getting late, and I've a bit of a row home. I hope you'll forgive me for keeping Miss Moore out over hours. I rather loitered along, I'm afraid."

The invalid gave him a kind hand. "Good-night, Mr. Johnston. We'll be glad to see you at any time."

"Thank you very much." He glanced at the girl for confirmation, but she seemed oblivious of his expectant air. "Good-night, Miss Moore."

"I'll go down with you," she said. "I have to lock the door after you, you know."

As he turned to follow her, he was conscious that her mother was gazing after him, her brows lifted in perplexity.

With considerable presence of mind, he brushed against the door of the living-room as he began to descend the stairs, and so left only a thin ray of light to penetrate the gloom of the lower room. Sound, too, if subdued, could hardly be heard from above.

On the landing at the head of the outside staircase, they halted, he without, and she within, the door. She held her hand on the door-knob. Her white-clad figure glimmered against the blackness behind.

"Don't forget you've promised to meet me on Piney Point the day after to-morrow—that'll be Thursday—to show me the lions."

"Really? Do you still remember that?"

"Do I remember! Will you be there—according to your promise?"

"When I promise, I keep my promise."

"A very admirable thing to do. But it's only what I'd expect of you, Margery Moore."

She would not deny the implication of his words. "It does seem as if we'd known each other a long time, does n't it?"

"After a man has beaten a girl——"

"O-oh! Not quite!"

"He feels he knows her well," he finished complacently. "Do you know you're even more—lovely as a girl than as a boy?"

She was amused by the frank compliment. "I agree with Mother—you've lived in Blarney Castle, even if you haven't in a cottage in California."

"Ah?"

"Yes," she went on gratefully; "you played your part beautifully. It was mean of me to tease you so while you were doing your best for me. But it was so funny—all that story about your house-parties."

"It was true."

"True! Really?"

"Yes, of course. Look here! I'm not a State detective, you know. You thrust that honor upon me, willy-nilly. I'm not really a deputy sheriff—only a sort of temporary volunteer—sworn in as a 'special officer.' That is n't my regular line at all."

"O-oh!" She bent forward in an effort to read his face. "What—what are you, then? You are—Mr. O'Brien?"

"No. I'm Michael Turke."

"Michael Turke! Why! Not *the* Michael Turke? You can't mean—not the 'unspeakable Turke'?"

"I'm afraid I'm the one. But I never dreamed——"

"You!"

"Yes. But it was all the fault of that confounded lawyer of mine."

"Not—you?" Her tone of stupefaction had changed to one of protest and horror.

"I'm Michael Turke. But, Margery Moore, I give you my word——"

"Oh, dear! *You!*" She shut the door softly in his face.

He heard the bolt slide home—slide, not furiously, but with soft relentlessness, as when a grieving angel shuts the door of heaven on a sinner who has repented too late.

## CHAPTER IX.

Two days later—on Thursday morning at half-past nine—Nate Ayres landed his employer on Piney Point. As the farmhand pulled away up Ireland's Cove, his backward grin said as plainly as words, "I'll bet I know what you're up to!"

The look, a little jackal-like, may have been lost on the quondam special officer, for his eyes were shielded by an immense pair of smoke-colored spectacles, and he peered about him with all the caution of one who sees men as trees walking.

When the sound of Nate's oars was but the echo of a splash, Turke found his way to a plank-bench fixed between the low-growing forks of a tree that leaned above the water. Here he ensconced himself, and assumed a waiting posture.

In spite of his ominous spectacles, the wine of hale October was in his veins. The Tumbling Dam lay like a fragment of jade among the West Jersey woods. At the upper end of the lake, the Northwest Passage, issuing from fastnesses of cedar miles above, ran past thickets

of elders and osiers, and crackling catkins, to pour its cold waters into the lake.

To the southeast, a corner of the dam allowed the water to escape in a stream that, beyond the town, attained the dubious dignity of a tidal river. In the air above the spillway, a cluster of diamonds shivered continually—the glittering spray of the waterfall tossed by the breeze itself created.

At the western end of the long dam, the Raceway slipped demurely from the lake for a mile-long journey beneath oaks and sweet-gums and magnolias to a smaller lake near the town to the south.

From the tree-seat on Piney Point, an unspectacled eye would have caught the gold of hickory, the crimson of maple, the green of cedar and pine, the scarlet of sumac, all dreamed over by the blue haze of the Indian summer; and on the bluff of the opposite shore, gray boles and the brown, five-pointed leaves of oaks, and above them the "Eyrie," like the nest of a roc or the derrick-swung box from which the Roman legionaries assaulted a city wall.

At precisely fifteen minutes to ten, the figure of a girl appeared on the boat-landing. In a moment she had launched a canoe.

Then she knelt, holding the craft against the side of the landing with one hand, while with the other she shaded her eyes for a prolonged scrutiny of the opposite shore. Her hand fell uncertainly to her side. Still she knelt frowning, her face now turned upward toward the house, now across the lake toward the place where the man sat hidden by the friendly leaves.

So for a while she hung undecided.

All at once, she sprang into the canoe and snatched up a paddle—the light craft darted out into the lake straight toward Piney Point.

An unspectacled eye might have studied with delight the easy swing of her young body as she bent to the paddle, the throat rising firm from the crimson golf-jacket, the straight little nose, and mouth not too small, the hair brown as the pheasant's wing that adorned the jaunty red hat.

Ten minutes later, when she had beached her canoe, and, standing very straight, had begun to look frowningly about her, a voice subdued but gay, as of one resolutely cheerful under suffering, spoke behind her:

"Is that you—Margery Moore?"

She wheeled almost fiercely, but the patient voice went on: "I can make out there's somebody there, but if it is *n't* you, I beg your pardon. I can't see very well, but I expected——"

She flung out startled and appealing hands. "O-oh! What is it? Something dreadful has happened to your eyes!"

The sight of him appalled her—meekly sitting on the rude bench, his eyes covered by the close-fitting dark spectacles, his hands aimlessly fumbling at a handkerchief.

"It is you, then, Margery Moore! Good! I was sure you'd keep your word, and come to-day. So, in spite of my eyes, I had one of my men row me over here, and——"

Her pitying fingers on his arm silenced him. "Please! Are you badly hurt? Your eyes?"

"Nothing to worry about. I think I'll be all right in a few days—I'm sure I'll be. Of course, I can't see very well with these confounded blinders on, but that bramble happened to strike square——" He checked himself, then hurried on in confusion: "That is—my eyes—something or other has inflamed them a little."

"No! I know what it is. I remember now how it happened. You're trying not to tell me, but I *remember*. It was that twig on the way from Ireland's Mill that night. I let go of it too soon—in the dark—and it struck you square across the eyes." Her remorseful hand trembled an instant on his forehead. "I—I *am* so sorry! Is it—serious—dangerous?"

"No, not at all. I promise you it's nothing. These dark glasses are expedient just now, that's all."

"But what does the doctor say?"

"Oh, a doctor never commits himself, you know."

"I'm so—sorry." Under his smile, her voice quavered pitifully.

"Please don't worry," he said quickly and gaily. "If I had realized how you'd blame yourself, I vow I would n't have put these wretched things on—come what might. I think I'll take them off, at any rate—I can see you better without 'em."

She caught at his lifted hands. "No, no! Don't! Please don't! Do you want to make me feel guiltier than ever? This strong sunlight might ruin your sight forever. I think you—were very foolish to come out to-day at all."

He let her push his hands to his sides. "Well, I had to see you—to talk to you, at least. I wanted to ask you if you were still angry with me—to beg you to forgive me, and——" He stopped, and peered down at her. "Please," he said rather pathetically, "won't you sit up here beside me? There's plenty of room, and there's a root there that gives you a step up. I can see you only as a sort of smoky shape down there. Please!"

She yielded at once. Uneasy and remorseful, she looked curiously at the great dark lenses confronting her.

"Now—I'm here, right beside you. Can you see me?"

"Ever so much better, thank you. Margery Moore, I want you to believe I never meant to oust you from your home. I did n't know anything about 'Wigwam' except that I was told it had come into my hands, and was a fine old place in the country. Please believe that!"

His words brought back the true relationship between them, forgotten

for a time under the spell of those ominous brown spectacles. But she was still too full of remorse that she should have seriously injured a fellow-being by her own carelessness to retain the bitter mood of two nights before.

Then, too, she knew of an astounding change in the situation of herself and her mother, one that could not be known to the man before her, yet that had completely altered her outlook on life—the past as well as the present. She could afford to be magnanimous. So her voice was very gentle as she answered his plea.

"I believe you. Oh, yes. And I'm sorry I was—so violent, night before last. I was stupid and silly and prejudiced, not to see you were n't the sort of man who—would be unfair to helpless women."

He snatched off his cap and ran his fingers through his hair—a manner of expressing delight she found very amusing.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "It's good of you to say that. Thank you—thank you a thousand times!" He stared at her. "Your mother! Does she know who I am—that I'm not young Johnston?"

"No; I have n't dared tell her."

"I'm going to make her like—Mr. William Johnston, Junior, if I can. Then some day I'll confess the dreadful truth. But please stand by me, Margery Moore."

His humility, no less than his helplessness, forced her to be frank with him. "I'll tell you—when I came here this morning I still meant to be—be severe; but when I saw your eyes—how I'd hurt you—I could n't. And that gave me a chance to *think*." She gave a remorseful laugh. "When I remember how I called you names the whole night long—that first night."

"Not really me!"

"Yes, it was really you, even if I did n't know it. The 'unspeakable Turke,' and all that! And you were so patient with me, and so honorable."

He fidgeted uneasily. "Oh! Really——"

"And then I find you here with your poor eyes dreadfully hurt by the very wretch who slammed a door in your face and would n't listen to you!"

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "I can't stand this. I can't do it any longer. Look here!" He snatched at the smoke-colored spectacles, tore them off, and turned a sparkling glance upon her. "My eyes are all right."

She sprang to her feet and stared at him. "Why! What! They are n't hurt?"

"No."

"There's nothing the matter with them?"

"No. I 'faked' so as to get you to—to feel sorry for me. I wanted



to keep you here until I could convince you. Wait a moment! I was afraid you might come here just to carry out your promise—and then cut me dead." He took a step toward her, his clear eyes imploring her, his smile wistful with the appealing, half frightened gaiety of a boy who knows he has done wrong. "Don't be angry with me—Margery Moore," he begged.

The hot red burned in her cheeks. Her head thrown back, her brown eyes probed him through and through.

Then, all at once, divine humor gripped her. Brown eyes, red mouth, and tender body laughed together. Her little hand met his eagerly outstretched one.

"Oh, Michael Turke!" she said. "I believe you and I will have to take a new start!"

# CHAPTER X.

PEACE thus happily established, they stood regarding each other with something of the mutual pleasure of two children renewing acquaintance after long separation.

"Red golf-jackets and brown pheasant wings are special favorites of mine," he remarked gravely. "With lips and hair to match, of course."

She repressed a smile. "Of course, since I'm a woman, I'm not supposed to confess how becoming Norfolk jackets and gray trousers are to a certain type of man."

"Oh, don't mind me."

She put up a hand to smooth back the wing in her hat. "Seriously," she said, "I'm glad you've noticed my trappings, because—" She looked at him, her eyes a-dance.

"Well? Because—?"

"Because since I saw you last wonderful things have happened!"

"A wonderful thing happened to me when I saw you *first*."

"No, no—seriously! I must tell you." She clapped her hands in sheer joy. "Since night before last, our fortunes—Mother's and mine—have been made!"

"Your fortunes? Really?"

"Yes. The stock in the oyster company—I think I told you we'd had great hopes of that once."

"I believe you did say something about it."

"Well, the hopes have come true!" It was almost a little shout of delight.

"Well, well! Really!"

Perhaps she had expected him to share her joy more heartily, for she flushed and eyed him doubtfully.

"Are you—interested?"

"Interested! Here! Perch yourself on the gunwale of your canoe

there. I'll sit at the bow. Now, then—let's hear about Cinderella and the fairy godmother—the fairy oyster-bed."

She took up a paddle as if she must have something to emphasize the points of her story.

"It does sound like a fairy tale. Yesterday, some time before noon, who should appear but Mr. Johnston."

"Not the nephew, I hope!"

"No, of course not. There is n't any."

"I've always—that is, for two days—I've been apprehensive about the unreality of that nephew. If any other embodiment of him than the present deponent ever turns up, I shudder to think what might happen to him. But this was the uncle who came, you say?"

"The only one—you foolish man!—Mr. William Johnston, our lawyer. He drove up from town, and—oh! what do you think!"

"I'm past thinking. Still, since you mentioned the oyster stock a moment ago——"

"He'd sold ten shares of it for a hundred dollars a share. A thousand dollars—cash! He'd deposited that to Mother's credit in the bank. He'd brought her a check-book ready to use. And—and he says he's had an offer for some of the rest of it at the same thumping price, but he advises us to wait and draw the dividends, since it seems to be getting so valuable."

She ceased to strike the ground with the blade of the paddle at each headlong sentence. Leaning her chin on the top of the handle, she gazed at him wistfully.

"Do I sound horridly—mercenary? If you'd ever known what it was to have only two dollars left—two dollars and three cents!—only that to keep your mother from—starving, you'd understand."

"My dear child," he said gently, "I think I do understand—a little. I wish you'd received a million dollars."

"A thousand seems a miracle to us. *Seems?* It is a miracle—in the nick of time. Mother made me drive straight back to town with Mr. Johnston. I shopped—and shopped—nearly all day. Oh, it was delicious to shop again!"

"That golf-jacket?" he queried.

"Every stitch I have on," she laughed. "And things for Mother. And things for the house. That was a barn when you were there."

"Food, I hope. You didn't forget to buy yourself some decent stuff to eat?"

"I got heaps of it. Groceries galore—and a very haughty daily order at the butcher's. And I'm almost ashamed—I stopped in at a restaurant, and ate fourteen oysters. Think of it—fourteen!"

"You fairly owed that tribute to the oyster business."

"I'm afraid I did n't do it for that reason!"

"Well, it's great that you're having a little good luck come your way at last," he said. "It was certainly about time, was n't it? When I think it was I who drove you out of house and home—vicariously, at any rate—I could almost weep."

"That's never to be thought of again," she declared firmly. "That memory is absolutely taboo forever."

"Jove! but this is a glorious day!" he exclaimed with apparent irrelevance. His glance brought a brighter glow to her cheeks. "I'm glad I don't have to wear smoked spectacles."

For a while they sat silent. A golden-winged flicker flashed down the lake from its feast in Gumberry Cove. As if sent particularly to soothe the startled eye, a wood-dove, decked in that tender color to which it has given its own name, trailed close to the heads of the man and the girl.

Now and then she stole a glance at her companion. Notwithstanding the final warmth of his words, she had all along been disappointed in the quality of his enthusiasm over the change in her fortunes. She was not the one to coddle a dissatisfaction until it grew to be a grievance.

"You really don't seem very much pleased—Michael Turke."

He turned a grave face toward her. "To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I am."

"O-oh!"

"You see, I'm afraid if that stock of yours keeps on doing so well, you may be moving soon."

"Is that why, really? Moving? You mean, away from West Jersey?"

"Yes, that's what I'm afraid of. I've been thinking perhaps it has too many painful memories—for you and your mother."

"It has painful memories," she said simply, "but many more dear ones. No, no. We intend to stay right here—in the 'Eyrie.' Mother and I have agreed we won't tempt fortune—we won't scare the fairy of the oyster-beds—by any sort of presumption. We don't mean to move into town, and we won't even get a single servant. I can manage beautifully. We'll live just as we are for a while yet, only more comfortably."

Relief shone in his face. "I think you're quite right. But there's one thing more that worries me. I hope you're not keeping any of that money in the house."

"Only twenty-five or thirty dollars of it. But why? Isn't it safe? Oh! You mean those tramps in the mill?"

"Yes. Although if they were merely the common variety of tramp, they're not likely to get clear around to your side of the lake. But if by any chance they were the yeggmen—criminal tramps! Have n't you heard the news this morning?"

"Not another robbery!"

"That's it. Some village near town. I'm not sure of the name. Fairview—Fairmead——"

"Fairfield."

"Fairfield, it is. Yeggmen, or somebody, plundered the post-office last night. They made a haul of a lot of money that was on hand for paying money-orders. I hope they get caught in short order—particularly now I know you and your mother are living alone in those woods over there."

"No one would hurt us."

"No, of course not; still—— By the way, I searched the upper room of the mill yesterday—where we heard the footsteps. Not a sign of anything, of course. But I told the authorities, when I was in town this morning, that tramps had been trespassing. I mentioned it to the State detective who's in town now—the real one."

"The real State detective?" she laughed.

"Yes. But he is n't in line with any of your ideals of a detective. He's a little, roly-poly, Santa Claus-looking chap. But his name shows his fighting qualities—O'Brien, you know. I hope he catches the burglars. At any rate, I'm mighty glad you don't have to go roaming about the woods at night any more."

"Amen!—and thanks to you."

He started. "Thanks to me! How so?"

"Because, I fell into your hands, and not into a tramp's—the other night. It makes me quake to think of it." For a moment her eyes were wide as she contemplated the dread possibility. "By the way, that man—one of your farmhands—the one who made that very awkward remark about your talking to yourself in—in a girl's voice——"

"Nate Ayres."

"I can't help thinking he meant to jeer. He *knew* I was there."

"I had the same idea. I pumped Bacon about him yesterday. I thought I might get some notion as to whether or not he's the sort that talks too much. But I did n't learn much. Bacon says he only hired him a month before I came down to 'Wigwam,' and that was only ten days ago, you know."

"Well, what with keen-eared farmhands and stumbling tramps, I'm glad my gay poacher's life is over. Now I can 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam'—at least, for a while."

"Always, I hope."

"There's one thing I forgot to ask Mr. Johnston—who it was who bought the stock, and why it has suddenly gotten to be worth something."

"What do you care? Probably it's some local skinflint who has discovered there's likely to be a big demand for the particular sort of oysters your company produces. No doubt he'll get his money's worth out of it. Never mind that. You've something to do for me yet, Mar-

gery Moore. You've done a lot in coming here at all, I grant you. You've done more by forgiving me for being *me*. But there's one thing more."

"Goodness! This sounds serious. What?"

"You promised to show me some lions—live lions in their dens."

She sprang to her feet. "Yes, and I'll keep my word. The woods are full of them. Come along."

"I'm no Daniel, but I'd follow you into the lion's mouth," he laughed.

## CHAPTER XI.

THERE is rare allurements in a ramble in the woods. At the end of forest aisles, fauns gambol in sun-dappled glades; dryads play hide-and-seek from tree to tree; nut-brown Maid Marian and brave Robin Hood wander, their arms about each other. In the tap of the woodpecker's bill and the patter of squirrel-bitten nuts on the leaves, sounds the melody of Pan's pipe, the fluting of Daphnis to his Chloe. Mystery hides in the shadows—intoxication in the silences—subtle suggestion in the breath of the sighing pines.

The two adventurers were gripped of this forest magic as they moved together along the path—felt the witchery of the woodland and of their youth.

Trees and bushes encroached upon the way so hardily that of necessity the two were very close to each other as they walked. Her brown hair was almost against his shoulder. Her chin must tilt upward if she would look at him.

He had a mind to pretend to stumble. Then, what so natural as to lay his hand on her soft shoulder to steady himself—if only for an instant? "Hum-m!" On the whole, he thought it better not to risk it.

"Why 'hum-m'?" she demanded.

He realized that he had spoken aloud. "We-ell—ah—I'm rather wondering about these lions. I've heard of sea-lions, and mountain lions, and social lions, and the Lion of the North, and plain lions. But——"

"These are ant-lions."

"Ant-lions!"

"There are more lions in heaven and earth, Michael Turke, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Well, then, where are they?"

"Here!" She stopped dramatically. "Here! You're in their very midst. No Christian martyr in the arena was ever surrounded by so many lions as you are this minute."

He stared about. They were standing at a widening of the path—a space perhaps five yards square. At this point the boughs of two pines



leaned apart, and the rains, beating through unchecked, in the course of years had washed away the surface loam until the ground now showed only a stratum of clean, white sand. The lake glimmered between the trees at left and right. The path stretched away to the extremity of the cape behind them, and in front, as he knew, went on up the gentle slope through the woods to his cornfields. There was no sign of ravaging beasts in this peaceful scene.

He gazed about wonderingly. "You're joking."

"Not quite. But you did n't really expect to see great cats come roaring through the woods, did you? Look at the ground there—right at your feet."

He stared down. "I don't see anything except some little holes in the sand, little pits that look as if they'd been made by pine-cones falling. Yes, and I see some ants." He stooped and stared closer. "Well—by Jove!"

He dropped on his knees and bent eagerly over one of the little holes. His astonishment again found vent. "You're right! It's certainly a den of some sort."

The pits in the loose sand were circular, open at the top and coming almost to a point at the bottom, as if stamped in by an inverted pine cone. Two inches across at the level of the ground, they were sunk perhaps half an inch deeper.

Upon one of these funnel-like hollows an ant, bound upon its lawful occasions, had haplessly blundered. As a man who had stumbled at a gravel-pit might have done, the insect rolled headlong down, its antennæ clutching in vain at the loose sand of the steeply-sloping sides.

At the bottom, finding itself more frightened than hurt, it got to its feet, and, with proverbial determination, at once set itself to climb the two-inch incline. But the treacherous grains of sand slipped away beneath its weight, almost imponderable as that was, and time after time it advanced up the slope, only to slide back again.

At last, first pausing a moment to collect its resources, it made a gallant rush, and had nearly won to the top, when that whole side of the tiny funnel crumbled beneath its feet and again it fell to the bottom.

Turke gasped.

With a thrill of genuine horror, he had seen something like a black arm withdrawn swiftly into the subterranean depth from which it had swept away the ant's footing. The girl, kneeling beside him, her cheek almost touching his in her absorption, gave him a glance of understanding.

"Wait! It's going to be worse!"

The ant lay for a moment, exhausted by its last effort. Then it began to hurl itself about the point of the funnel, wildly, furiously, as if it had become aware of the devilish forces at play beneath it—as if driven mad by the sheer horror of it.

Then, like the Very Fiend from the Pit, a black monster scarce larger than the ant burst from the sand. The victim dashed horrified up the slope, but its enemy, whirling formidable mandibles, struck it again and again with jets of sand as a savage strikes with javelins.

With an agonized flutter of antennæ that thrilled the senses of the two onlookers with all the pathos of a human cry, the ant collapsed, and rolled helpless into the jaws of the ant-lion. At that moment, the girl's quick and compassionate fingers plucked the victim from the very jaws of death, and set him in safety on level ground.

"Thumbs up!" gasped Turke.

"I can't bear to let them be crunched like that," she said. "I just wanted to show you a lion in action."

He restrained a desire to wipe his forehead, and indulged in a relieved whistle instead.

"Phe-e-w! What an ambushade! I'm fairly trembling. Jove! That was a fiendish struggle!"

"Was n't it! And there's one like it going on in every one of these holes every five minutes in the day. You believe in my lions now, don't you?"

"I should say so! Ah! Mistress Ant is walking off—a trifle stiff in the joints." He peered into the pit. "His Majesty, the King of the Dungeon Deep, is gone."

"He has only burrowed back into the sand again, ready for the next unfortunate."

"I think I'll make a call on him, and have a look at him at close quarters." He produced a pen-knife, and opened a stout blade.

"Stick it well under the bottom of the pit, from the side," she cautioned. "Then ~~toss~~ the sand out quickly. If you go at it from the top, he'll dig down faster than you can."

Obedying her instructions, he drove the blade deep into the soil, and heaved it up spade-wise. A little cloud of sand flew into the air—and with it the knife-blade, snapped in two.

She gave a little gasp of surprise. "You must have struck a stone."

"Yes. And the ant-lion has disappeared in the sand-storm. Well, I can invade another den."

He glanced about, but his eyes came back to the shapeless dent in the sand that had once been the graceful lines of the myrmoleon's pit.

"I wonder what sort of stone that was. There's no rock in this sandy soil, is there? Yet this must be a biggish one, for it did n't budge an inch. Let's see." He began leisurely to scrape away the sand.

He had no real curiosity about the stone. His action was merely designed as an excuse to hold her in a position he found very delightful—on her knees beside him, her cheek close to his, her eyes laughing up at him as he elaborately cleared a space several inches square.

"Yes, I can feel it again." He scraped away until he could thrust the stub of the knife-blade against a blackened surface. "There it is. But it does n't feel like rock. Hello! The thing is metal—tin!"

"It's a box—a tin box! O-oh! We've found a buried treasure!"

"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" he laughed. "But it is queer."

He was now clearing away the thin layer of sand in earnest, and in a moment more had fully exposed the top of a substantial japanned box.

"This is a go. It looks like a buried treasure, sure enough. Do you suppose some old farmer makes a bank of this sand-quarry? It looks like a regular office-box, does n't it?—the sort of thing one keeps valuable papers in."

"Oh, look! Look in the corner there!"

Beneath her pointing finger, painted in small yellow letters still legible in spite of the obscuring dirt, were the words, "U. S. Post Office Department, Fairfield, New Jersey."

"Well! By Jove!"

"It's those money-order funds you were telling me about!"

"Do you suppose——"

"Stolen by the burglars last night!"

"Yes, as sure as shooting!"

"And buried here!"

"The safest place in the world, until they get a chance to dispose of them."

"But, then, they—the yeggmen—must be about here still. It must have been buried last night or early this morning. They did n't have time to cover it any deeper—perhaps because they saw us coming. They—may come back at any minute."

With a sudden terrible suspicion, their eyes searched the woodland vistas. A white-and-black chewink scuttled beneath a laurel-bush. A rabbit loped down a distant path, stopped, twitched its nose, and loped on. A cluster of Indian-pipes pressed their waxen cheeks together. From a near-by hickory a nut crashed startlingly. Nothing else stirred.

Their eyes came back to each other.

"The thing to do, Margery Moore," he said briskly, "is to leave this thing right where it is—cover it up just as it was before." He began to suit the action to the word. "This sand is so light and so white, it'll look as if it had n't been disturbed. Then you can paddle home, and I'll drive into town and tell O'Brien about our find. I've no doubt he'll use it for a bait for the yeggmen."

Between them, they spread and smoothed the light soil above the box with such artful carelessness that they were convinced no one could guess it had been disturbed.

"The ant-lions will help, too," she said, as they stood up to go. "Those we've scared away will be back in ten minutes, making new dens

for themselves in the sand there—just as they did before." She laughed guardedly. "They—the burglars—won't dream any one else has discovered the treasure they left watched over by lions."

They hurried down to the end of Piney Point—she to paddle back to the "Eyrie," and he to return along the path to his house, and thence to town for an interview with the State detective.

## CHAPTER XII.

NATE AYRES was the bearer of a note to Margery Moore, apprising her that the post-office robbers apparently had taken the bait set for them—but had done so before the arrival of the fishermen.

O'Brien and I and two local constables spent the afternoon and last night ambuscading in the laurel bushes. About dawn we had a dreadful suspicion, and when we scraped away the sand at the fatal spot we found only a piece of pine-plank neatly covering the hole where the japanned box had been!

The rascals may really have been watching you and me all the time we were taking such pains to make things "look natural" about the lions' dens. How they must have chuckled at us! And as for their unholy glee if they knew of our later ambuscade—I can't bear to think of it! The box may be buried again only ten yards from where it was, or it may be ten miles. It's no use to hunt for it.

May I come over to see you soon? This afternoon and to-night I must sleep or perish, but will you be at home to me to-morrow afternoon? Please do be! At what time?

This youth—he looks more like a Punch than a Mercury—is the amiable Nate Ayres. No one else was handy when I wanted to send this note, or I should n't have used him—he's just smart enough to wonder about you. Let me know if he shows any curiosity.

As ever, in the lion's den or out,

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, JUNIOR.

She suppressed a gleeful little chuckle as she read the heavily underlined signature.

"Whom is your note from?" asked Mrs. Moore, smiling in sympathy with her daughter's bright cheeks and brighter eyes.

"Read it yourself, dear."

Her mother glanced over it, but it is doubtful if she actually saw more than the signature. She gave Margery a gently penetrating look.

"Oh, yes, the younger Mr. William Johnston. Does n't he strike you as rather a remarkable sort to be our Mr. Johnston's nephew?"

"He is—different, perhaps."

"I really can't remember hearing that Mr. Johnston ever had a brother. I must remember, the next time he comes, to ask him about this young man."

"Oh, I would n't do that," said the girl, panic-stricken. "I mean—it would n't be quite—well—don't you think it would look rather pointed?"

"If you'd rather I would n't, I won't, of course."

"Oh, thank you, dear." Her tone was fervent with relief.

She was glad to put herself at her new writing-desk to answer Turke's note:

I'm going into town to-morrow, but I'll be home about four o'clock. Any time after that we'll be glad to see you.

Your Mercury is sitting on the top step of the outside staircase. He has shown no more interest in me than if he were a Sphinx.

M. M.

The next day, when she returned from her afternoon's shopping, it was not yet four o'clock, and, even granting the most flattering promptness on his part, she counted upon being at home in ample time to receive the expected caller. But when she opened the door of the living-room, he rose to greet her.

"Hello!" she exclaimed, in laughing surprise.

"At any rate, you don't say, 'Avaunt!'" he smiled, "although you rather look it. I was afraid my watch might be slow—you remember I had difficulty with it once before—so I came early enough to be on the safe side." He relieved her of her bundles in a matter-of-fact way that she found both amusing and gratifying.

She kissed and patted her mother. "Have you been all right?"

"Yes. And I've been delightfully entertained for—for some time."

"Don't spare me!" he said. "Miss Moore, I came an hour or more ago, and I've been—apologizing to your mother steadily, I believe."

Mrs. Moore's invalid-bright eyes twinkled at him. "If one can call it apologizing! It means more like——"

"Yes, it was," he agreed joyously, "very much more like that!"

Margery turned from taking off her hat, and regarded them severely. "Have you two young people been flirting with each other—shamelessly taking advantage of my being away? Mr.—ah—Mr. Johnston, I ought to have warned you about this very dangerous young woman here. Madam, I'm surprised that you should behave so giddily on such very short acquaintance."

"The shortness of an acquaintance has nothing to do with—our little affair. Has it, Mrs. Moore?"

"Not if you're—sure."

"Sure! Absolutely!"

They laughed together as if they shared some delicious joke.

"If I'm in the way——" began Margery politely.

He smiled at her, a light in his eyes that suddenly set her heart to pounding. "I've just been asking your mother if I might take you out



in my skiff this afternoon. I've promised to take good care of you. Will you come?"

She looked away from him, strangely confused. "I'm sorry, but I've been away from home almost all day, and—perhaps I'd better not."

"You're thinking of me, I know, dear," said her mother. "But you mustn't stay home for me. I'm going to go driving this afternoon with Mr. Johnston—the *elder* Mr. Johnston."

The girl's eyes opened wide. "Are you?"

Her mother nodded, almost excitedly. "Yes. His nephew tells me that Mr. Johnston is coming out for me in his carriage at four o'clock. You know that old victoria he uses on state occasions is really very comfortable."

"And Uncle William will be sure to make you a state occasion," said the young man, with such marked emphasis on the avuncular title that Margery gave him a warning look. He returned her a frankly defiant grin.

"Then, you'll come for a row? I want some one to show me the 'Northwest Passage.' It looks very alluring."

"Yes—if you like."

He rose joyfully. "Good! I'll wait on the boat-landing. And—will you wear your red jacket?"

"The jacket is flattered by your asking."

He shook hands with Mrs. Moore, especial warmth in his manner. "Thank you for our good talk," he said. "I can't tell you what your kindness means to me. I hope to show you."

As Margery dressed for her outing, and helped her mother to make ready for her own, Turke's words lingered in her mind.

"What had you said to—to Mr. Johnston, Mother? He thanked you with a good deal of *empressement*, I thought."

"He's a rather impressionable young man. Besides, when an old lady is nice to a youngster, there's still politeness enough left in your young people's world for him to pretend to make much of it."

"Old lady, indeed! If I thought Michael considered you an old lady, I'd have nothing more to do with——" Her voice died in consternation.

But her mother, arranging her hat and veil, apparently had not noticed the slip. Margery drew a breath of relief, and went on:

"But he did n't think you were old—I could see that."

"He seems to be a very agreeable young man?"

"Yes; he's interesting enough."

Something in the girl's very lightness of tone caught her mother's ear, already attuned to significances. She glanced up, and in the mirror that Margery was facing made out the vaguely troubled look of a face too young and fresh not to reflect the heart.

"Run along, if you're ready, dear," commanded Mrs. Moore.

"Are you all right? Can you get down the stairs without me? Don't let that musty old lawyer keep you out too late, will you?—your Beau Blackstone." She patted her lovingly. "I vow you don't look a day older than twenty-five! And are you happy again?"

"Happier than I've been for a long time."

"Is n't it good to have a few nice things again! Oh, do you suppose he noticed the rugs and the pictures and that very attractive new screen?"

"You know he has n't seen the 'Eyrie' since we got those things. Besides, a 'musty old Beau Blackstone' would n't be likely to notice such fripperies."

"Oh, I did n't mean old Mr. Johnston. I meant—the other one."

"Yes; I'm sure he appreciated them. Now run along with you!"

"Good-by! Good-by!" cried the girl, kissing her hand up at her mother as she went down the steps—to the vast admiration of the young man awaiting her below.

"I was wondering if you'd forgotten me," he said, as they moved down the bluff to the boat-landing. "But all's right with the world, now that you're here."

"Michael Turke, I was in agony—yes, literally, agony, just now. You're Audacity personified, talking about your 'Uncle William.' How dare you, sir? I thought I'd scream with fear or shriek with laughter!"

"Would it really be so very dreadful, after all, if your mother should know the truth—who I am?"

She regarded him whimsically. "That depends upon one's point of view. Personally, I don't care to see another member of the Moore family shut a door in your face."

"Do you think it would be as bad as that, if she knew?"

She nodded. "I'm afraid so—figuratively speaking, of course. Mother would n't hurt a mouse, but she can be exceedingly *chilly*, if she thinks she ought to be."

"Heaven forbid she should ever think it her duty to make ice of me!" He gave her a merry glance. "But I really think your mother and I are friends—even as you and I."

She returned his glance saucily, in the act of embarking in his skiff. "Are you so sure of that?"

In his earnestness he laid down the oars he had grasped. "Not—not too sure, Margery Moore. But I hope so—with all my heart."

His evident trepidation pleased her. But she did not look at him as he resumed his oars, and pulled toward the head of the lake.

## CHAPTER XIII.

HE rowed in silence, his glance held on her persistently. Once or twice she tried to return it unconcernedly, but, steady them as she might,

her eyes would waver and fall before his. She patted her hair that her hand might shadow the flush that crept into her cheeks.

She grew afraid of his obstinate silence. "So you watched for the robbers all night, and caught nothing?"

"Nothing but paralysis—and a cold. If I had n't found a handful of wintergreen berries, I'd even have died of starvation. But O'Brien did n't seem to be especially downhearted over it. He's a persistent sort."

"As a detective ought to be."

"Yes—as even a 'special officer' ought to be. As he has to be, in fact."

"The only special officer I've ever known was a bit of an Admirable Crichton."

"Hum-m!" he returned dubiously.

"Yes. This man I knew was a very good runner——"

"Perhaps he'd had practice in chasing a wood-nymph!"

"He was an excellent cook, too."

"Did he cook for a goddess?"

"A daring steeplejack!"

"Steeplejack? Oh, well, I dare say he could carry an angel down a ladder as well as the next man, considering he'd never had any practice."

"This man was a clever actor—or, at any rate, a clever impersonator."

"Your special officer must have been very versatile."

"Decidedly. He even had to wear dark glasses to keep himself from being blinded by his own brightness."

He grinned appreciation of her hit. "I hope that fellow's end won't be as sad as the real Crichton's was."

It was her turn to look dubious, but curiosity drove her to the question. "I've forgotten how the Admirable Crichton died."

"Stabbed to the heart over a love-affair!" he affirmed triumphantly.

"O-oh!"

"Now I'll tell you about a remarkable character I knew—a poacher chap."

"Oh, spare me! Poachers are so very uninteresting."

"Uninteresting!" he exclaimed, with indignation.

She maintained her opinion with firmness. "Yes. I detest a poacher."

He yielded the point laughingly. "I think I have n't seen that velvet band around your throat before, have I? That's a very pretty clasp to it."

"It's a bit of extravagance I treated myself to in town this afternoon. I felt justified because Mr. Johnston sent mother a check for a dividend yesterday."

"Good! It's very becoming—the ribbon."

"You're very kind, sir."

They were not far from the middle of the lake—the still blackness of it stretched away to the painted splendor of the forested shores.

Unnoticed by the two in the skiff, a boat had been approaching from the southward, and was now almost abreast of them. At a few rods' distance, the fattish, round-faced man who was its sole occupant lay on his oars, and flourished a school-boy's cap in their direction.

"'Afternoon, Mr. Turke!"

"Is that you, O'Brien? Where are you off to? Any clue to our friends?"

"Kind of an off day to-day," returned the other; "so I was thinkin' I might stand a chance of gettin' a few wood-duck up at the head of the lake. Lawyer Johnston tells me there're usually some feedin' up this way this time of year."

"I hope you have better luck than we had with the other game the other night."

The detective gave a short laugh. "That's so. But it's all in the game. If I get any duck, I'll come over to your house on my way back and leave you a brace."

"All right. Thanks."

With another flourish of his cap, the other resumed his oars, pulling with an energy that seemed fairly to snatch the boat from length to length.

Scott turned to the girl. "There's your State detective."

"He does look like Santa Claus, does n't he? But what does he mean by an 'off day'? I should think he would n't give himself a moment's peace until he had caught those men."

He stared after the boat, receding as rapidly as if it were a university shell, with its opponent's bow lapping its stern.

"Now you mention it, it does n't seem like O'Brien—it's not like a man as energetic as he is—to be off amusing himself at this stage of the game."

He spun the light skiff slowly about. "What do you say to going over to the old mill instead of to the Northwest Passage? If O'Brien sights a duck up there, he'll be shattering the sylvan silence with his shotgun."

She assented, and he rowed leisurely across the lake—passing close to the tree-seat of Piney Point—and pulled on up Ireland's Cove. Now and then her brown eyes met his, kindly or teasingly, but always with the graciousness that was a part of her. He found it hard to believe that he had chased a ragged lad through the woods a week before.

"Are you comfortable at 'Wigwam'?" she asked.

"Mrs. Hammerstraw tries to make me so."

"Tries? Does n't she succeed?"

"I suppose so—as much as a mere housekeeper can."

"I'm so glad you've kept her on. She was almost a member of the family with us. Mother had to leave so much to her. She was with us for years—ever since I was a child."

"She's really a nice old thing, and devoted to you—to your family. The odd thing was, she had never mentioned you to me until I asked her about things—about you, in fact—the day after I met you."

"Met' is good."

They laughed together at the memories the word brought up.

"When I did begin to ask her about the owners of 'Wigwam'—the *rightful* owners—the floodgates of her adoration of you were unloosed."

"She's a dear!"

"I'd often admired the arrangement of the house. Then I found out Mrs. Hammerstraw has kept everything exactly as you and your mother left it. That lawyer of mine evidently had invested in a chattel mortgage as well as a real estate one."

The girl sighed. "Yes. We had to let everything go. It was a delicious old place."

"It is," he said very gently.

She looked up at him in half whimsical daring. "If that stock in the oyster company keeps on increasing in value, we may be able to make you an offer for 'Wigwam' some day."

"I'll accept it," he declared gravely. "I accept it now. I, Michael Turke, in consideration of the sum of one dollar, lawful money, duly in hand paid, and of the affection——"

"One dollar! Certainly not!" Her tone was indignant. Then the startled red faded from her cheek, and her eyes laughed back at his. "What nonsense we're talking!"

"I confess you have a decidedly heady effect on me," he said.

They beached the skiff on the rooty shore at the head of Ireland's Cove, and took the lower path, skirting the swamp to the old mill.

As they entered the room where they had talked on that remembered night, both looked about with the tender curiosity of those who, after long absence, see again the places of their youth, places once familiar and always dear.

"There's the cot I put you on," he mused aloud. "You were the smallest, palest child in the world. I was hating myself because I knew I must have bruised your shoulder when I clutched you. Did n't I?"

"Just a little—the littlest little. That old carpet-chair! I remember I tried to sink right through the back of it when you began to question me. I was so frightened—and those awful clothes!—and you were so kind!"

"Do you remember how we stared out the window there at the mill-wheel—and you told me about the muskrat?"

"Oh, yes."



The spell of that time was on them again, for they drew near the window and looked out. Her arm was not confidingly in his, as it had been that night, but her head was almost as close to his shoulder. He could have laid his cheek on her hair.

They stared at the mill-wheel, dripping useless water, at the willows dipping in the stream, and at a mutual vision of a sturdy young man who gently bore a smaller and slighter comrade out of the tunnel of the mill-tail into the shelter of the woods.

He spoke as if the memory had been dwelt upon aloud. "It was there."

She nodded, without meeting his eyes.

It lacked an hour to sunset, yet already the autumn haze had a little dimmed the sheen of the willow leaves across the stream. The oaks and sumacs and sweet-gums of the farther swamp stood out less boldly from each other, as if disposed to seek mutual protection against the dangers of the dusk. A flock of robins whirled about the corner of the mill like charging cavalry, and swept headlong into the forest. A point of fox-fire began to glow in the end of a rotted log. Where the water from the mill-tail escaped into the stream, a sunbeam, penetrating the dark surface, touched a great black bass in ambuscade for midges.

The sunlight, striking through the dusty window-panes, made a red-gray haze in the room. From this mist her face shone up at him, alluring, mystic, haloed. His hand went out to hers. As one in a dream, she let him lift it and press it to his cheek.

"Margery Moore," he whispered.

Their eyes met—wondering, dazed, glamorous with dreams. Then, as if the silence were too mystically tender to break by mere speech, their eyes went from each other's faces to the charm of the magic world without.

As they looked, the charm was snapped. He lifted his cheek gently from her hand—a man, carrying a bundle under his arm, had appeared around the corner of the mill, and now stood hesitating on the edge of the mill-tail.

Turke roused himself by a long breath. "It's Nate Ayres. What's he after, I wonder?"

"Is he thinking of climbing *our* ladder?"

Nate stepped into the shallow water, and, gripping his bundle with manifest care, vanished up the planked tunnel.

"What's he up to? If he comes up the ladder, he'll have to pass through this room."

But almost as he spoke, the farmhand returned by the way he had come. He stood a moment at the tunnel's mouth, staring about with caution; then he stepped out of the water, and strolled leisurely around the corner of the mill.

The two watchers eyed each other in growing surprise.

"Now, that's a queer proceeding," said Turke. "I've a notion to go after him, and ask what he's been up to. After all, he's an employee of mine, and on my property—I've a right to know."

"It is queer."

"I'll go ask him," he declared.

They hurried out of the mill, and down the steps, in time to intercept the farmhand as he slouched into view on that side of the building.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE sternest Laconian might have admired the terseness of the interview that now took place.

"What were you doing under the mill just now, Ayres?"

The farmhand, who had come to a halt at sight of the two emerging from the mill-door, started under the question. The unexpectedness of it, conveying to him the knowledge that some, at least, of his recent movements had been observed, threw the man off his balance. A temper, naturally one of the most savage, was released from restraint.

"I don't know as that's any of your business," he said.

"Is n't it? Remember to whom you're talking, my man."

"Aw, I remember that, all right, but I don't know as I care. This place ain't so much. I can get another job any time."

"Very good. You're free to do so from this minute."

The vacancy of a missing tooth gave the fellow's sullen grin a wolfish suggestion. For the first time, Turke noticed that his eyes were sandy-red like his hair.

"Is *that* so! I'm fired, am I?"

"Certainly you are. Mr. Bacon will pay you to date."

"That's all right."

With a provoking leer that took in both Turke and the girl, he began to shamle away. His late employer stopped him by a peremptory gesture.

"Wait a moment! You have n't answered my question. What were you up to under the mill?"

Nate glowered, astonished and savage. "Look a-here! What's the matter with you? What right have——"

"Every right. I'm asking as the owner of this property. I've seen you here acting strangely—trespassing on my property—and I want to know the reason. What was that bundle you were carrying?"

Nate's indented teeth seemed to recede still deeper. His eyes looked almost crimson beneath his reddening forehead and sandy hair.

"Say, are you lookin' for trouble? You——"

Turke took a step forward. "Be careful what you say!"

"Aw, you go to ——!" snarled the man. "I've stood about all I'm goin' to from you."

The other paled with anger. "Cut that sort of talk, do you hear? Miss Moore, will you excuse us? We'll settle this."

Her eyes wide, but her chin firm, she began to move toward the mill. But the fellow's next words brought her to an astounded halt.

"Hoo! I guess *she* ain't so delicate but what she can stand straight talk. *She* ain't no water-lily."

"Be quiet!"

"Quiet nothing!" The wolf leer twitched his lips. One of his hands rested in his coat-pocket while his eyes taunted Turke. "*You* know and I know she ain't no better than she should be."

The young man uttered a furious exclamation. But at that moment Margery's hot fingers pressed down his arm.

"Don't!" she said, her voice thrilling. "Wait! What does he say?" Her eyes, burning with contempt, were turned on Ayres. "What do you mean?"

The fellow laughed, not a whit abashed. "Well! What about you and him bein' together that night in the mill here? I knew you was there—you two—all the time. And what about you two bein' so free wanderin' around in these woods, eh?"

Her fingers still implored Turke's maddened arm. Her voice was ice. "Well—beast?"

The biting word aroused the man to fury. "'Beast,' eh! Look a-here! I know your kind all right, if you do make out you're a lady! I know what you're livin' on right now—I know where the money comes from that put those clothes on your back—yes, and that's keepin' you out of the poorhouse this minute. It comes from *him*—that's what!"

She turned from him in disdain too great for speech.

"Aw! High and mighty, eh?" The fellow's hand left his pocket to wag a blunted forefinger triumphantly in their faces. "High and mighty, ain't you? Yes, I know you've give it out your money's from some fool stock or other that's got to payin' all of a sudden. But I know *he* pays every cent of what you're gettin', right out of his own pocket! Huh! You're a pretty pair to——"

With all the strength of body and soul, Turke struck the leering mouth just where the receding teeth made a hollow for his knuckles. Ayres went down headlong, the lower part of his face a welter of blood and broken teeth. But instantly he got to his knees. One hand fumbled in his pocket.

Divining the sinister meaning of that motion, Margery clutched at Turke as if to shield him from the expected bullet. He tried desperately to push her from him.

Then—neither ever clearly understood how—the roly-poly figure of

Mr. O'Brien stood between them and the menace of the fumbling hand. His hammerless shotgun lay easily in the hollow of his arm, the muzzles a little drooped so that they yawned within six inches of Ayres's sandy hair.

"Drop it, 'Red'!" said O'Brien sternly. "And get those hands—up!"

Staring up at him from his awkward position on the ground, the fellow lifted two rigid hands above his head.

"That's right. One minute." The detective stooped, and by a swift motion transferred something from the other's pocket to his own. By another, even swifter than the first, he linked the man's wrists together. "Easy now. All right. You can get up. I've been looking for you, 'Red,' for some time."

The man got heavily to his feet, the handcuffs already compelling him to the sinister motions of the convict.

"You got the wrong man," he muttered through his shapeless lips. "Who are you, any way?"

"I've got the warrant for you all right. I've been after you yeggs for a month. I was sure that Fairview Post-Office affair was 'Red' Martin's work."

The reddening light in the man's glowering eyes betrayed his rage and dismay.

"So help me——"

The detective shook his head, not unkindly. "No use, 'Red.' You see, Mr. Turke, I was really searchin' the upper part of the woods to-day, not huntin' duck. I thought I'd come back this way and have a go at your mill here, on the chance there might be some clue lyin' about. I must say, though, 'Red,' I stumbled on you by accident; but I've got your picture in my pocket, and I knew you right away. Besides, your four pals are in the county-jail now, countin' the one you had workin' for you in the post-office in town. We got the other three in Atlantic City last night."

For a moment the yeggman's self-possession deserted him. "Did Bill Henderson play stool-pigeon?" he demanded hoarsely.

"No, he stuck to your gang strong, but you did n't choose a man smart enough for that job, that's all. We sent some marked mail through, and got him."

The detective turned to the amazed spectators as if aware that he had been discussing matters beyond the ken of the laity.

"You see, 'Red' Martin here is an old hand. He had one of his gang come to town three or four months ago, take the civil-service examination, and get a place in the post-office. It's a cute trick, but it's old. Well, this fellow Henderson opened any likely looking letters—on the sly, of course. He did n't take anything out of 'em—that's too easy—but that way he kept tab on what was going on all over this end of the

State. When he found there was money or stamps stackin' up in any particular post-office, he'd pass the word to 'Red,' 'most any night in town. And then the gang'd go after it." His shrewd glance went from Turke to the wide-eyed girl. "That's the way 'Red' here knows so much about your private affairs. I reckon Bill Henderson tapped a letter to your lawyer, maybe. Have I got it about right, 'Red'?"

The fellow tried to grin defiantly. "I ain't sayin' a word."

"Oh, yes, you are." O'Brien's easy, matter-of-fact tone suddenly hardened to steel. "You'll say one thing. Where's that stuff you got at Fairview?"

This time the other achieved a grin of triumph. "I'm the only one of the boys that knows, and I'll never tell!"

The words roused Turke to action. "Wait a moment, O'Brien! I believe I know something about that."

Unheeding "Red's" bitter oath, he hurried around the corner of the mill, and plunged into the reeking tunnel of the mill-tail.

Jammed between the rungs of the ladder was a shapeless bundle. He wrenched it out, tore away the voluminous newspaper wrappings, and gave an exultant shout. In another moment he had placed the japanned box in O'Brien's eager hands.

"That's it, sure!" exclaimed the gratified detective. He shifted it from hand to hand to test its weight. "Yes, all here, I reckon. Had n't had a chance to get rid of it, eh, 'Red'? Of course, you knew we'd be watchin' the freight and express offices. Well, Mr. Turke, the county certainly ought to be obliged to you. Now, then, 'Red,' we'll be movin'. I've a boat in Gumberry Cove over on the lake—we'll travel by water."

His head now sunk on his chest in despair, now thrown back in defiance, the yeggman led the way. O'Brien followed, his shotgun in the hollow of his arm.

Turke turned joyfully to Margery—and stood appalled. She was gazing at him, her face very white, her eyes blazing. Before he could speak, she levelled a hand more terrifying to him than the deadly menace of the yeggman's.

"Is it—true?" Her voice was choked.

"True?" he stammered, genuinely at a loss.

"Don't dare to pretend! If what that—man said—about your paying that money—those dividends—if it's a lie, tell me! If not—if not——"

She might well have pitied his misery. "Margery—I——"

"O-oh! It's true!"

Her quivering fingers clutched at the gold clasp that confined the ribbon about her throat. She wrenched it free and dashed it on the ground, as if to repudiate forever the intolerable obligation he had secretly thrust upon her.



While he stared wretchedly, she turned and ran down the path. The crimson curtain of a sumac shut her from view.

He was left staring drearily about a world suddenly empty of all light.

# CHAPTER XV.

FOR long he stood inert, stupefied, crushed. The forest sounds, lately so cheery, came to him now only in monotone—the sleepy twittering of robins, the ghostly quaver of an owl, the subdued chattering of a gray squirrel. Even a blue-jay's taunting scream seemed muffled.

So this was the end of his ten-days dream—desolation, defeat, darkness! In vain his careful planning—dust and ashes his delicate manoeuvres!

Once made aware of the unhappy situation of Margery Moore and her invalid mother, his pity—and more than pity—had been profoundly stirred to their relief. Yet he had realized that it was impossible to offer aid in any direct manner. Such offer from him would not only have been rejected instantly, but would have spurred a pride, already morbidly alert, to detect his hand in any assistance, no matter how subtly rendered. He dared not do otherwise than move by circumvolution and in silence.

Margery's mention of vague expectations of the value of the oyster company's stock had flashed a happy path for him. An early morning visit to Mr. William Johnston, the family lawyer, had resulted in a satisfactory arrangement with that devoted and secretive man.

Indeed, a part of the arrangement did not lack *bona fides* of a sort, for Turke gravely made an actual offer for the first ten shares of stock, an offer as gravely accepted by the lawyer under his standing power-of-attorney from Mrs. Moore.

However, it had been decided that, in order not to arouse the least uneasiness of those against whom this benevolent plot was directed, discreet dividends thereafter should appear from time to time.

"And what'll be the end of all this, Mr. Turke?" the lawyer had asked.

The younger man was somewhat staggered by the blunt question. "The end? Why, I don't know. I had n't thought that far."

The lawyer eyed his client. "Youth! Blessed youth!" he said wistfully.

From this source, then, had sprung the means that sustained hope and even life in the proud falcons of the "Eyrie." On such a basis had Turke reared lofty hopes—only to see them dashed to nothingness by the villainy of a criminal tramp.

The fellow's conduct had been unreasonably malicious, even lacking in cunning. Doubtless his leading Bacon, the overseer, to believe that

he was "keeping company" with one of the girls on the Raceway Farm had been merely the providing of an explanation for his frequent nocturnal absences. But why had he roused the overseer to search the mill that first night? Was it because the yeggman, guessing that genuine tramps made a harboring-place of it, feared possible interference with his own plans?

He had heard the girl's voice that night, and the information faithfully imparted by his confederate in the town post-office had indicated to him whose that voice must have been. Yet, after all, Turke might have laughed at the scoundrel's malice, had it not been for the unreasoning anger of a haughty girl.

He started at the thought, and stared dazedly about as one just returned to consciousness.

The birds were hushed, and the late frogs had not yet begun to pipe from the swamp. He was alone with the lonely mill. The rays of the setting sun still lingered on the mossy shingles of the roof, and spread aureole lights about the tops of oaks and hickories. How long had he been standing thus?

Margery, hurrying along the lower path, by this time would have regained her boat. Hers? His, by Heaven! Now she would be pushing off into the deepening shadows of Ireland's Cove—to win to the "Eyrie," and to the comfort of her mother. Her mother!

All at once, taking the upper path, he began to run at top speed.

Margery Moore, pulling down Ireland's Cove, the westering sun dazzling her eyes, veered close to the trees of Piney Point in order to row thence straight across the lake toward the "Eyrie." The skiff, somewhat heavy for her strength, passed slowly under overhanging boughs within a boat's beam of the tree-bench where she had sat with Turke a few days before.

A man leaped from the bench and alighted fairly on the boat-grating behind her. She flung herself from him with a cry of astonishment and terror.

"It's all right," he said quickly. "Don't be afraid." He slipped deftly into the rowing-seat, and, gripping the gunwale on each side, steadied the dangerously-rocking craft. "I'm sorry if I frightened you, but I could n't give you warning, you know."

"You?"

"It was a long run and a hard jump, but——"

"You!"

She drew a sharp breath. Even in the gathering darkness he could see the signs of storm in her face. At once he leaned toward her, his eyes imperative, his jaw set.

"Margery Moore, listen to me! You must n't quarrel with me. You

shan't! You must give me a chance—do you understand? I won't be bullied out of it. No, nor run away from!"

His sudden passion awed her. Her bosom rose with her quick breathing, but now in dismay rather than anger. She watched him in dazed silence until he spun the skiff about by a single powerful motion.

"What do you intend to do—with me?"

"Margery Moore," he said very gently, "I intend to take you back up Ireland's Cove, and on to my house—your own old house—'Wigwam.'"

"'Wigwam'?" But I can't go there! That's impossible!"

"You'll be in your own library in half an hour," he returned.

She watched him in that curious stupefaction that seemed to have turned her will to water. At last she flung out helpless hands.

"Please!"

He shook his head with cheerful doggedness. "It's no use—I'm going through with this."

"But wait! You don't understand. I only want to talk to you a moment—to explain things."

He ceased rowing at once, and sat gravely expectant. His quiet attention, his gaze, calm and steady, soothed her strangely. She settled herself more at ease against the lazy-back. But twice she opened her lips to speak before words would come.

"That oyster stock," she said at last. "Those dividends! How could I know they were from you?"

"You could n't. I took care of that. If that scoundrel, Nate Ayres—'Red' Martin——"

"Don't you know if we'd ever dreamed——"

"Of course—that's just the reason. I knew if you ever dreamed that I dared to think of offering to—to help out—your mother, I'd never see your face again. Why, I dreamed of turning over 'Wigwam' to you that very first night. But if I'd mentioned it——"

"What right had you—to entrap us?"

"None, perhaps. But I could n't bear to see you starve. No, I could n't let you die by inches before my very eyes."

"I'd rather starve!"

"But what about your mother?"

"O-oh!" He could see her shrink at the cruel suggestion. Then she spoke almost in a whisper.

"Yes. I'm sure she—would rather die than be—treated so."

"Treated so!" he returned with passion. "Child, if you could have seen how pale you looked that first night!"

Her voice began to tremble. "Oh! What will she say when she knows! Of course, we'll give back every cent we have left. But how will she ever bear it—the *burden*—the burden of what you've done—when she knows?"

"She knows already."

To the girl's mind the words fell metallic in a metallic world. Her head whirled at the sheer clangor of it. The lingering lights of the afterglow, slanting over her head, lit his face, steady, calm, masterful.

"I went to the 'Eyrie' early this afternoon—early enough to be sure you would n't be there. I had a long talk with your mother. I told her—everything."

"You—told her?"

"Yes. She understood. She forgave me. You saw yourself what good friends we were when you came in."

"Yes—I noticed." Her tone expressed an infinite bewilderment. "But it's impossible. My proud little mother—forgive a thing like that? I don't understand."

"I pleaded with her. I explained it all. I told her—everything."

She put both hands over her face as if to collect all her faculties for the solving of this inscrutable problem. But when she faced him she was still as one dazed.

"How *could* you explain? It's impossible! What reason is there? Why have you done all this? That's what I can't understand! Why?"

"Why?" he repeated in profound astonishment. "What! Don't you know *why*?" His chin sunk in his hand, his elbow on his knee, he gazed at her until she read all his soul in his eyes. "Child, I did it because I love you—because I loved you from the very first moment I held you in my arms that first night."

## CHAPTER XVI.

To a girl, no matter what persecutions may have preceded it or what anxieties may follow, the plea of a lover explains all, even condones and wins forgiveness for all. The sheer thrill of his "I love you!" shall grip her heart and shake her will be they ever so haughty; it shall come near to make her yield if graciousness be at all a part of her nature.

Yet the girl in the skiff sat silent, her eyes wide, intent, gradually deepening to a profound depth he could not fathom.

The lake wrinkled in the sunset wind; from the distance sounded the riot of the waterfall; a star stole out above the pines on the shore. The afterglow still burned, but barely lighted for his wistful glance the girl's small face, the arch chin and mouth, and the eyes brown as winter leaves—eyes he could not read.

With a wisdom and self-restraint beyond all praise, he set himself to row.

To the shore at the head of the cove; along the path through the woods; past the mill, and across the turnpike beyond, the two preserved silence, broken only by infrequent and almost incoherent words.

"You are n't tired?"

"Oh, no."

"The stars! See how they shine in the mill-stream there."

"They're all—trembling!"

"Here's the stile. Let me help you over—it's pretty dark now."

"Thank you. I know the way so well. A-ah! 'Wigwam'!"

Crowning a short slope above the highroad, the lighted windows of the house gave them a welcome.

Although built in Colonial days, its relatively modest size saved it from the doubtful honor of being counted a mansion. A wide door, brass-knocker and bull's-eyed, its solid oaken panels apparently built to defy the musket-butts of British foraging parties, stood flanked by buff-painted porch-pillars. On each side many-paned windows blinked cheerily. The path went straight across a lawn overgrown with myrtle, whereon the spring would spread a blue coverlet so thick a drunken bee could scarce lurch through to slumber on the leafy bed below.

"'Wigwam'!" said the girl again, the word a tender breath.

"Home!" His word answered the infinite longing of her voice.

They stood together before the door. Below them the turnpike, an ivory ribbon under the moon, wound about the slope, then up a hill beyond. At the swamp's edge the old mill crouched, softly sombre. Trickles of silver light seemed to drip from the eaves to the willows below; along the ridge-pole Jack-o'-Lantern carried his pale and wavering torch.

"Will you knock?"

Subdued and dreamy, she obeyed him. The curving brass knocker fell upon its plate with a sound like the tonic note of a kettledrum, thrilling, reverberant, but cheery. He caught the shine of her eyes turned suddenly upon him.

Almost as if worked by a spring, the door swung open, and Mrs. Hammerstraw herself was revealed, eager in welcome.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed, and enfolded her in affectionate arms.

The housekeeper was a Swede by birth, a little woman, past middle-age, fair-haired and blue-eyed. Her figure was decidedly plump, and she moved with a decision and spoke with a positiveness that intimidated no one; for two minutes' acquaintance proved her kindness of heart, genuine good-humor, and self-respecting submission. A faint flavor of her native Sweden lingered in her accent.

"Your mother's in the library, my dear."

"Mother?" Margery repeated wonderingly. "Here?" Her glance suddenly thrilled Turke through and through. "O-oh!" She vanished into the room at the right of the hallway.

When, ten minutes later, he permitted himself to follow her, Mrs. Moore, very dainty and just now a little dewy-eyed, was sitting in a low



chair before the fire that crackled in the wide, open fireplace. Margery sat on the rug beside her, her head pressed against her mother's arm as if she could not find her close enough.

The sheen of her eyelashes, lifted upon him the briefest instant, then drooped again toward the fire, was her only acknowledgment of his presence. But Mrs. Moore's smile and pointing hand drew him to a seat on the leather-covered davenport near her.

All three sat silent, listening to the sighing of the freshening autumn wind about the eaves, the crackling of the scented pine-cones, and two of them, at least, to the beating of their own hearts.

At last Margery lifted her head, and gazed slowly about her, a dreamy delight in her face.

She saw again the sheaf of swords over the fireplace, tokens of Moores who had borne arms in many wars; the book-cases filled with the books her father had loved; the half-length picture over the davenport of "the first Moore," companion of Fenwick, Lord Proprietor of West Jersey. Notwithstanding the severity of his steel cap and cuirass—for he had ridden with Cromwell's Ironsides in his time—her several times great-grandfathers seemed to eye her with gentle understanding.

Then her glance came covertly to the man who sat on the davenport, looking not at her but into the fire.

His face was resolute but gentle, not unlike that of Major Hampden Moore above his head. His eyes were calm and kind, yet she knew that they could blaze with rage, and that the quiet hand could strike a just and dreadful blow. She wondered if he had bruised his knuckles with that blow! His hair went thick and close-cropped from forehead to neck. In spite of its strength, his face had a certain delicateness of line.

As her thoughts ran swiftly on, her eyes grew more and more intent, and the red blood mounted steadily from throat to hair, until by the time he turned his wistful look upon her, her face was as bright as the glancing fire.

His eyes forced her to speak in sheer mercy for him. A little smile lurked in the corners of her mouth. "We're all dreaming, are n't we? Is it all—only a dream!"

"It's more—more than that," he said.

Again only the sound of the sighing wind and the crackling pine-cones was heard in the room.

So Mrs. Hammerstraw found the three, still dreaming by the fire, when she came cheerily in.

"Dinner's served! I hope you're all hungry." Her kindly yet puzzled glance went from Turke to the girl. "Come what may, you must eat. And that's a blessed good thing, too."

Mrs. Moore, Margery's arm about her, got to her feet. She stood a moment, adjusting her crutch, and smiled at the housekeeper.

"I hope you have some of your delicious Swedish coffee-cakes to-night."

"Trust me for that, ma'am." The puzzled look in her eyes gave way to one of half-frightened resolution. "Did I ever tell you those coffee-cakes are really a sort of wedding-cake—in Sweden?"

Mrs. Moore's bright eyes questioned her.

"Yes, ma'am. In Sweden, when there's to be coffee-cakes, all the sweethearts must go out to dinner on their lovers' arms."

"Good!" Turke's voice was profoundly deep and gentle. He drew a long breath and faced the girl. "Margery Moore, will you—can you——"

He did not finish. Her cheeks very bright, she came to him, and half-proudly, half-shyly, slipped her hand into his.



## COLOR NOTES

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE brown of fallen leaves,  
The duller brown  
Of withered moss,  
Stubble and bearded sheaves,  
And pale light filtering down  
The fields across.

The gray of slender trees,  
The softer gray  
Of melting skies.  
What sobering ecstasies  
One drinks on such a day  
With chastened eyes!

# A REVOLUTION IN EDUCATION AND ITS CAUSE

*By Leonard P. Ayres, Ph.D.*

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**T**HIRTEEN years ago the school superintendents of America, assembled in convention in Chicago, discussed the problems then foremost in educational thought and action. Diligent search through the printed report of that meeting discloses no single mention of child health, no word about school hygiene, no address devoted to the conservation or development of the physical vigor of youth.

At that time eight cities in America had systems of medical inspection in their public schools. To-day the number of such systems is over seven hundred. This development is without parallel in the history of education.

No one there present had ever heard of a school nurse, for no city in the world employed one; but to-day 102 American cities have corps of school nurses as permanent parts of their educational forces. Had any one in that Chicago meeting dared prophesy that we should soon employ dentists to care for the teeth of our school children, his words would have been greeted with derision; but to-day 69 cities employ staffs of school dentists.

Twelve years ago those who discussed the problems of educating the mentally deficient, the blind, the crippled, and the deaf, thought and talked only from the standpoint of treatment in special institutions. But to-day New York City alone has in her public schools 150 classes for mentally deficient children, with ever-increasing provision for the other classes of unfortunates, and the work there is merely a sample of what is going on in the cities throughout our land.

These changes represent no passing fad or temporary whim. They are permanent, significant, and fundamental. They mean that a transformation has taken place in what we think, as well as in what we do, in education. They mean that the American common school has ceased to be merely a place where for a few brief years our children shall acquire useful information. Instead, it has entered upon a new role, in which it is destined to reach, and to reach profoundly, the

whole of every child. These changes mean that in ever-increasing measure our schools are to reach the exceptional child as well as the normal, and are to make provision for his physical well-being as well as for his intellectual development.

This profound change in our educational practice did not come through the slow processes of philosophy, nor because we were awakened by the stirring words of voice or pen of any educational prophet. No schoolman can claim great credit for having hastened its advent. It was forced upon us, first by the natural results of compulsory education, and still more definitely and directly by three of the strangest allies that ever contributed to the work of social reform.

*The First Reformer—The Contagious Diseases of Childhood.*

The first of these three reformers was the contagious diseases of childhood. When Boston began medical inspection in America in 1897, by dividing her schools into fifty districts and placing a doctor in charge of each district, she did so in the hope that the new measure would curb the waves of contagious disease that repeatedly swept through the ranks of the children, leaving behind a record of suffering and death. The experiment was successful, and when the other cities learned how Boston was solving the problem, they too began to employ school physicians and organize systems of medical inspection.

During the first years the spread of the movement was slow, only one or two cities taking it up each year. Then these pioneers were followed by dozens of their sister cities, then by scores, and in the past few years by hundreds.

This sudden recognition of the imperative necessity for safeguarding the physical welfare of our children grew out of the discovery that compulsory education under modern city conditions meant compulsory disease.

The state, to provide for its own protection, has decreed that all children must attend school, and has put in motion the all-powerful but indiscriminating agency of compulsory education, which gathers in the rich and the poor, the bright and the dull, the healthy and the sick.

The object was to insure that these children should have sound minds. One of the unforeseen results was to insure that they should have unsound bodies. Medical inspection was the device created to remedy this condition. Its object was prevention and cure. But it was destined to have far greater influence than its early sponsors dreamed.

When schoolmen watched the doctors discover and send home children suffering from contagious disease, they asked whence those diseases came. They examined their records of absences, and they

discovered that in nearly every city the number of cases of contagion among children leaps up each year when the cold weather approaches and the children return to school to sit quiet in close contact with their fellows, to drink with them from the same cup, and to breathe dust-laden and artificially dried air. And when spring returns and the windows are again opened and schools are closed for the summer, those who are left go forth to be comparatively free from disease until the return of the next school year.

Schoolmen pondered these facts well, and now in city after city schoolhouses are being constructed in which the paramount object is to have the rooms so clean, the drinking water so pure, the air so fresh, and the sunlight so plentiful, that compulsory education shall no longer spell compulsory disease, but rather compulsory health.

The sanitary drinking fountain and the individual cup are fast driving out the common and dangerous tin dipper. Sixty-nine cities already clean their schools with vacuum cleaners, and the days of the broom and the feather duster are numbered. We are nearing the day when our schools will be as clean as hospitals.

Nor is it only within the four walls of the school building that provision is steadily being made for conserving health and developing vitality. The only educational movement that ever approached medical inspection in the rapidity of its development is the playground. Almost unknown ten years ago, it is now becoming as much a part of the modern school as the roof or the walls.

The movement for Public School Athletic Leagues is spreading from city to city, and carrying with it the knowledge of how to give to every boy and girl the physical advantages through exercise that were formerly reserved for those already so well endowed that they did not need them.

The child with contagious disease has done well and thoroughly his work of educational reform. The health movement in our public schools has been transformed during the past decade from a merely negative movement having as an object the avoidance of disease, to a splendidly positive movement having as its aim the development of vitality.

#### *The Second Reformer—The Backward Child*

The second of the strange allies that came to help us reshape our educational doctrines and practice was the mentally deficient child. We discovered that the drag-net of compulsory education was bringing into our schools hundreds of children who were unable to keep step with their companions, and because this interfered with the orderly administration of our school systems we began to ask why these children were backward.



The school doctors helped us find the answer when they told us that hundreds of these children were backward purely and simply because of removable physical defects. And then we took the next great forward step, for we came to realize that children are not dullards through the will of an inscrutable Providence, but rather through the law of cause and effect.

This led to an extension of the scope of medical inspection to include the physical examination of school children with the aim of discovering whether or not they were suffering from such defects as would handicap their educational progress and prevent them from receiving the full benefit of the free education furnished by the state.

This work was in its infancy five years ago, but to-day more than two hundred cities have systems of physical examination of their school pupils.

Nor was this the only contribution of the backward child. Along with the knowledge of the importance of physical defects came the realization that compulsory education lays a deep obligation on the state as well as on the parent. If it is to insist that every child shall attend school, it must provide schools fitted to the needs of every child. It is in response to this realization that throughout the land public schools are opening their doors and fitting their work to the peculiar needs of the blind, the deaf, the crippled, and the mentally defective. It is in response to this realization too that we are at last beginning to make special provision for that still more exceptional and vastly more important group made up of the children of special talent and even genius.

Just as the work begun with the object of excluding disease from the class-room has developed until it is now redounding to the benefit of all school children, so the special provisions devised for dealing with the backward child have developed and expanded until they now bid fair to benefit the children who are not backward.

Teachers, principals, and superintendents have watched the splendid work of the special classes in giving education to children who formerly were doomed to lives of uselessness to themselves and deep menace to the community. And as they have seen the seeming miracles those classes perform, they are asking why the same measures of small classes, skilled teachers, play, manual work, and abridged courses of study should not give even greater results among normal children.

#### *The Third Reformer—The Tuberculous Child.*

The last of the three allies in the work of educational reform was no other than the great white plague, Tuberculosis. In 1907 the city of Providence started an open air school for tuberculous children.

During the following year two other cities followed her example. The third year five cities had open air schools. To-day the new work is being done in more than sixty cities.

In city after city across the country open air schools have demonstrated their ability to take pale, wasted, and sickly children and convert them into strong, vigorous, and healthy children. And, moreover, they have proven their ability to teach these ailing children faster and better than the regular schools in the same cities can teach the strong and normal children.

And schoolmen, reading the lesson so clearly taught, are asking why all children should not be allowed to breathe pure air. In answer to their question school architects and heating and ventilating engineers are discarding their traditional ideas of ventilation, and are even now constructing school buildings with the avowed object of bringing to every boy and girl the advantages heretofore reserved for the tuberculous.

*Keeping for the Strong the Benefits Developed for the Weak*

These three reformers—the child with contagious disease, the backward child, and the tuberculous child—have done their work well, and that work is not the mere provision for the needs of sick and exceptional children; it is the fundamental reshaping of our educational aim.

For nineteen centuries the educational world has held, as the most perfect expression of its philosophy, that half line of Juvenal in which he pleads for the sound mind in the sound body. It has remained for the first decade of the twentieth century to awake to a startled realization that Juvenal was wrong—wrong because he bade us think that mind and body were separate, and separately to be provided for.

Only now have we come to realize the error and to take steps to rectify it. Only in the last few years have we begun to see that educationally, at least, mind and body are inseparable, and that the sound mind and the sound body are inextricably related, both causes and both effects.

All these things mean that it is our splendid privilege to see and to be a part of a movement which is profoundly transforming our traditional ideas of education. They mean that our children and our children's children will be a better race of men and women than are we or were our fathers.

*The Public School the True Instrument of Eugenics.*

In recent years there has appeared a new science calling itself Eugenics, that seeks to discover the secrets of heredity and environment and to develop methods that shall insure for future generations

greater strength, more vitality, and enhanced intellect. The aims of that new science are high and noble almost beyond those of any other form of human activity. But in their methods its advocates are wrong.

They are wrong when they seek to apply to the breeding of men the lore of the stock-breeder, because they overlook the deepest and most fundamental factors in man's nature.

What they are aiming at is the steady improvement of the human race, and that is coming. But it is coming through the public school of the future; the school in which the physical, the mental, and the moral will be developed together and not separately; the school in which the child will not only live in healthy surroundings, but in which he will learn habits of health which will be lifelong.

The human race will be a better race because of the lessons that have been taught us by the child having contagious disease, the backward child, and the tubercular child. Because of these lessons, the youth of the future will attend a school in which health will be contagious instead of disease, in which the playground will be as important as the book, and where pure water, pure air, and abundant sunshine will be rights and not privileges. He will attend a school in which he will not have to be either truant or tuberculous or delinquent or defective to get the best and fullest measure of education.



## UNATTAINABLE

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WHAT does it matter if you live  
Out of my reach? You pass me by  
Unseeing; but, so long as Fate  
Gives me my daily glimpse, I wait  
Your passing, none so glad as I.

The Milo Venus in the Louvre  
Stands for the whole wide world to see;  
She gives her beauty to us all—  
And who am I that I should call  
Her forth to hide herself with me?

# THE GIRL AT "THE SHIP"

*By H. B. Marriott Watson*

Author of "Hurricane Island," "The Big Fish," etc.

THIS happened not so very long ago, and took place at Seafield. It is not a very lively or very crowded place, as a rule, but when I got there, on a summer evening, there was an aviation meeting on, and the hotels were full, to the back teeth, as you might say. I had a friend with me in the same line—Jim Harvey. At least, we both travelled in soft goods, only we did n't clash, for his happened to be rather a different sort from mine—not so "classy," you understand. He was a good chap, a bit of a sportsman, who liked his joke, and his bet, and all that. We've had some good times together, old Jim and I. No sooner had we arrived at Seafield and found the hotels packed than Jim got to kidding me. He'd engaged his room beforehand, but I had n't taken that precaution. So he'd got the laugh on me. Well, he accompanied me first to one house, then to another, and on to a third; fairly trudged our boots off, and there was only one answer. Neither love nor money could buy me a bed. This looked nice for me, and Jim stopped teasing at last, and said:

"Look here, old man, it's all right. Come and share with me."

But I was n't going to have it like that—not at all. I was n't going to give in. So I said nothing just then, but looked up at "The Ship," before which we were standing. To say the truth, "The Ship" was a bit out of my line—one of those swell places where they charge you a dollar for looking out of the window. But Jim nettled me, and so "Wait a minute," I said, and I walked past the commissionaire and all the rest of the uniforms up to the clerk's office.

"Pretty full, eh?" I said in a cheery voice. "Where are my rooms?"

Of course it was only a bit of a joke, but the clerk took it seriously. He looked at me a moment, then smiled, and glanced along the keyboard and into a book.

"Mr. Dasent?" he said. "You're the very last, sir. The house is full, as you say—52 and 53 on the first floor, sir."

I can't say it was my doing; I never said I was Dasent. I was a traveller, you see, and wanted rooms, and was prepared to pay for them. He handed me the keys, and I don't say I did n't hesitate just for a

moment. But I caught a glimpse of old Jim outside, and that settled me. I took the keys, and walked off to the lift as bold as you like. It was n't my fault if the clerk had made a mistake. The rooms were A 1, and no sooner was I settled in than an obsequious waiter—German or some foreigner—put in an appearance, and told me dinner would be served when I liked. I was hungry, so I told him to fetch it up, and I had the nattiest little dinner that ever you saw. The wines! They were a treat, I tell you. I should have been as comfortable as a king, only for a little bit of a fly in the ointment. I could n't help thinking of the bill now and then. But I put that out of my head at last, and was settling back with a nice cigar and a glass of port when there came a knock on the door. I started and sat up as there entered an old gentleman with close-cropped gray hair, a thin mustache, and a distinguished appearance. He looked as if he were accustomed to order people about, and I reckoned he had any quantity of blue blood in his veins.

"George Dasent?" he said inquiringly, and advanced with a smile. I must have bowed; I know I did n't say anything. "I see you don't know me, and I don't wonder. We're both altered a bit, I dare say. I must introduce myself—Colonel Ferrard."

"Oh, how are you, Colonel?" said I recklessly, taking the hand he offered.

He sat down. "I heard from the hotel people you had arrived, and I gave myself the pleasure of looking you up at once. We're in the next corridor, quite handy."

"Oh, indeed," said I rather uneasily, and then, feeling that more was expected of me, I added, "That's a jolly good thing."

"Yes"—he sat back in the chair with a meditative smile on his face. "It's a good many years since you and Marjorie toddled about together. Well, well, it makes me feel old. I think you'll know her again. Of course she's changed."

"Of course," said I, as he paused.

"She would have changed, seeing she was only a child of eleven then, and that must be—dear me—nearly fourteen years ago. Let me see, you're twenty-nine, are n't you? I think your uncle said——"

"That's about it," said I, though as a matter of fact I'm a bit over thirty. Only, the old gentleman seemed to want it that way.

"Ah!" he sighed, but it was a pleasant sigh. "Of course I heard from your uncle—only two days ago, as a matter of fact, by last American mail. I hope he's well. Of course you would n't know."

"No," said I, wondering why; but I got it next moment.

"Had a good time, I suppose, on the Continent, George?"

"Rattling," said I promptly.

"There's something," says he, "about your voice which rather surprises me. You have n't a bit of American accent, but—I don't know.



You seem a little rather like—well, you know we have a London accent and——”

“Cockney!” said I sharply, for I was annoyed. I can speak my own language as well as any one, and with as good an accent too, even if he is a colonel and an aristocrat and all the rest of it.

“Pray, don’t be offended,” said the Colonel, smiling. “We are rather proud of London, and of ourselves as Londoners. Not that we Ferrards can be exactly called Londoners, George,” he went on. “There’s The Towers, which has been in the family for three hundred years, and the village churchyard holds the bones of nine generations. It would have been a pity, a sad pity, if The Towers had had to go. But that catastrophe is avoided now, thanks to your uncle’s generous offer.”

You see, I’d managed to get something out of him by this talk, but I had n’t learnt exactly who I was and what I was doing there. But I’m pretty good at tackling a situation or I should n’t be where I am; so I offered the old boy a glass of port and went on with the chat.

“You were in Venice,” said he. “What did you think of Venice?”

“Jolly!” said I, for I knew I had to go carefully, never having been abroad.

“Ah!” he said, sipping his wine with a gusto. “And your father said you’d been to Dresden. What was your impression of Dresden?”

“That’s jolly, too,” I said, after thinking a bit.

“I was there in 1891, and it struck me as a delightful old place. Let me see, did you go to Spain?”

“I—I don’t think I went to Spain,” I said cautiously.

I saw he looked surprised, so I hurried on: “I get a bit mixed, having been to so many places.”

“It is a pity,” he said. “You should certainly have seen Seville—the Alhambra. . . . Wonderful!”

He finished his wine, and I replenished the glass. “You’ve a good vintage here, George. Know how to take care of yourself, eh?” He smiled at me genially, and then lay back under the relaxing effects of the liquor. “Yes, I think you and Marjorie will get on very well together,” he said. “There’s no one to whom I’d sooner intrust her happiness than to the nephew of my old friend and cousin.”

I was just drinking a glass myself when he said that, but I tell you it nearly went down the wrong way. I started.

“Hold on a bit,” I said. “Would you mind saying that again?” He stared at me. “That bit about Marjorie, I mean.”

“Why, I said I’d sooner trust her happiness to you than to any one,” he said, evidently astonished, “not only because of the handsome settlements your uncle insists on making, nor because of the ties of blood, which is thicker than water, you know, but because of your own personal qualities, my dear George.”

That was a facer! Good Lord, I was to marry his daughter, this Marjorie, then; and me with as cozy a little wife as ever a man could want! I chewed over that some, and was thinking to myself that it was time to make a move when the old chap rose.

"Well, I'm glad to have had this chat," said he, "and we shall be seeing a lot of each other, as we're in the same hotel. But I won't take up more of your time just now. You will have plenty to do to get unpacked;" and he glanced at the boxes and trunks stacked up at one end of the room with the initials G. F. D. on them.

When he was gone I had another glass, just to pull myself together, and I rang for the waiter to clear away. By the time he had done that, I'd made up my mind what to do. I was going to skip. But I was n't going to play crooked, so I asked the waiter for the bill. He looked surprised, but said nothing and went away; and then presently in comes the manager, very polite and obsequious. Had I any fault to find with the rooms, that I was leaving them? Was there anything he could do? He was quite sure they could give satisfaction—that was the strain in which he went on. So I cut him short rather impatiently, for I did n't want any more complications.

"It's my fancy," I told him. "No, your rooms are all right, and the dinner was A 1. But I like to pay as I go."

I suppose he thought I was an eccentric American millionaire, for he bowed himself out smiling, and in a little while I had the bill. My word! It made my hair bristle. I could have whistled if the waiter had n't been there.

"All right, I'll settle this before I go," I said; and he smiled deprecatingly and backed out. I put on my hat, and lit out for Jim Harvey. I was in the devil of a fix. You see, I had n't enough ready to pay that infernal thieving bill. I found old Jim smoking a pipe in his dingy rooms, and I told him how it was.

"You've got to help me, old chap. I had n't been half an hour in that blessed place before I found I was engaged to a girl——"

"Fie, fie! What'll Millie say?" says old Jim, who likes his joke.

"Shut up!" I said. "Don't give me any of your silly kidding: I got mistaken for some one else, and now I've got to make myself scarce, and I can't pay the bill."

I told him more, and he took the bill and had a look at it. "Phew, Jack, you have been going it!" he said. "Bottle of fizz a quid. They do stick you in those swell places. Port! I say, Jack."

"Shut up, you duffer," said I, "and come to the point. Can you lend me the balance?" and I told him what I'd got. He scratched his chin. "I have n't any ready cash," he said. "Only what I've got for this crib. You see, it's the first time I've stayed here, and I don't care to ask 'em to cash a check." He paused. "But I'll tell you what I'll

do. I know a chap in the town who'll cash one for me, and I'll just run round to him."

"You're a good old pal," said I. "Bring it along to the hotel, will you, Jim?" and I hurried back. You see, I had left my bag there with my initials on it, and I did want to get off decently and in order. But when I passed through the hall I could see from the demeanor of the hotel servants that all was well. The real George Dasent had n't turned up. On the table in my—I mean his—room were a number of letters addressed to "George Dasent, Esq.," but of course they were n't mine; and I was just hunting out my bag preparatory to settling down to wait for Jim when a knock fell on the door—a gentle knock, and to my response it opened. It was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw in my life that entered. I give you my word—golden-red hair, cherry cheeks, beautiful large eyes, and as trim a figure—oh, well, it does n't matter. Any way, she did make a picture, and I rose and salaamed.

"Cousin George?" she says, and I owned that soft impeachment with another bow. I had to play the game out. "Father suggested that I should come round and see what answer there was to his letter," says she.

"Letter!" said I stupidly, and looked at the table. "I'm afraid I have n't had time to read my letters," I said. "I'll read 'em in a bit." You see, I did n't quite fancy opening another fellow's letters. But that was n't necessary, for she said:

"It was to ask you if you'd come into his rooms and see him presently."

"Of course I will," said I promptly, though I was n't feeling very comfortable, you bet.

She stood there looking at me, like a picture, as I say, and somehow there was something in her eyes that troubled me a bit. She looked a slip of a thing to be in the world at all, and under the hammer of that old Turk, the Colonel. And then it came upon me in a flash what I'd forgotten, that I was supposed to be going to marry this dainty thing. I stared at her with fresh interest then, as you can suppose. She had a very grave look, and was a little tremulous. So was her voice when she spoke.

"Cousin George, I have n't come here because I wanted to, but because I was sent," she said.

"I understand that, Miss—Marjorie, I mean, though it is n't complimentary," said I.

"You see," she said, "we've never seen each other since we were children."

"That's so," I said. "Well, we can make up for it now."

"You don't understand," said she. "I don't feel I know you, and yet—and yet——"

Of course I saw what she was driving at and did n't quite like to

say. You see, it had been fixed up between our respective relatives (meaning me as the other fellow), that we were to wed and save The Towers and so on. And she did n't jump at it altogether, though I dare say she was a bit less reluctant after seeing me. But I give you my word I was n't prepared for what followed. She burst out with it quite unexpectedly. "Do you think this is fair for either you or me?" she asked.

"Why, what?" said I, taken aback.

"This—this marriage," she said, her cheeks regularly aflame. "They're just selling us as if we were taken to market."

"I don't know. Now I look at it," I said, "it does seem a bit funny."

"You've never seen me, and I've never seen you, since we were children," she went on, "and they fix this up without considering our wishes—all for money, all for this wretched money," she said desperately.

"Hold on a bit," said I. "You don't want this—this engagement, so to speak?"

"No," says she bluntly.

She was a mighty pretty thing, and I rather wished she'd looked at it in another way. It gives a man—well—— But when it all came out, I understood and sympathized with her. You see, she'd got a sweet-heart. His name cropped up unexpectedly, and then she blushed.

"Oh, that's the way the land lies," I said. Well, it would be a pity to interfere with Love's young dream, I thought to myself. And, besides, I had to get out of this mess myself somehow, and here was a good chance. I tell you I acted well, as good as you'd see on any stage.

"Naturally," I said in a sort of dignified hurt way, "after seeing you, I'm much disappointed to hear these depressing facts, after I'd looked forward to——"

Her eyes were misty. "Oh, Cousin George, you will refuse to go on with it!" she cried.

"That's about the length of it, my dear," said I, breaking down somehow. "I'll not stand between two loving hearts."

She took my hand and pressed it warmly, and thanked me a dozen times. But I told her it was nothing, that I'd do it for any one, and so on, to make her feel at ease. All the time I was wondering inside how the dickens I was going on, and what I ought to do, or what she'd expect me to do. I had half a mind to skip there and then, but I was, you see, bound to do my best for the girl; though Heaven knows I had n't any notion what that best was!

However, just then comes a knock at the door, and I got a fright, for I did n't know who this might be—perhaps the real George, in which case I began to see I should make a rather ignominious exit. But it was only old Jim.

"Hulloa, old nut!" said he, and then saw Miss Marjorie, and stopped and stared and got confused.

"This is—my—my secretary, Mr. Stubbs, Cousin Marjorie," I said, and told him to go and sit down and await orders, like they do secretaries in offices. He had n't a word, but sat at the table, and fidgeted with some blotting-paper, and eyed both of us and listened. That little interruption, however, gave me an idea.

"Scrubbs," said I, for I could n't remember what name I'd said he was, "just take this note down, please."

He scrambled about the table for pen and ink, and at last got settled; and I saw a grin hanging about his face, which I did n't much like. So I spoke sharply and told him to get on.

"I'm waiting, sir," he said.

"Oh!" said I, feeling rather a fool. "Yes—'Dear Sir: Yours of even date'—oh, no, I need n't answer this letter, need I? I'll just plump into the other business right away. 'Dear Colonel: It is with great regret that I find myself obliged to decline your kind invitation of even date. But the fact is that I have made a discovery which concerns the proposition discussed with our Mr.—' I mean—no, stop at 'discussed,' Tubbs." (I could n't remember his name, anyhow, you see.) "This is a heart matter, Colonel, and both Miss Marjorie and myself have come to the conclusion that though we have a respect and esteem for each other——"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted that wretch Jim, "did you say Marjorie or Millie?"

Of course the beast knew which; he was getting back at me. "Marjorie," I shouted.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he, with sham humbleness.

"Where was I? Oh, yes—'esteem for each other, we are not actuated by that deep passion of mutual love which alone would justify our carrying into effect the contract suggested. Indeed, I fancy Miss Marjorie has rather a personal distaste for me.'" I paused here, you know, just to give her the chance to protest. But I'm blest if she did; she only nodded as if in approval. So on I went, thinking I would get a bit in myself: "'And this distaste is certainly reciprocated on my part.'" I looked at her, but she did n't turn a hair. She did n't seem to mind. She nodded again, quite eagerly. So I finished up in the usual way: "'I trust that this decision will not inconvenience you, but if so, our representative—I should be pleased to wait upon you at any time you might appoint.'" And then I signed myself in the other fellow's name. Of course I was n't going to wait on him, but I thought it sounded reassuring. I liked the bit about passion of love, too.

"Will you kindly deliver that, Mr. Scrubbs," said I, "to Colonel Ferrard in the hotel."



Jim looked at me and hesitated, edged nearer and looked as if he was going to ask a question, when Marjorie came forward. "I don't know how to thank you enough, Cousin George," she said in a sweet way she had.

I pooh-poohed her thanks, of course, made light of it, and I tell you she went off all smiles; while I confess I felt pretty pleased with myself, though when I came to think of it, there was n't very much to smile at, and the sooner I quitted the better. That's what Jim said after the girl had gone.

"What am I to do with this?" he said, and seemed about to tear the letter up. But I stopped him. "Go on," said I, "do as you're told, Stubbs. Deliver it."

He grinned. "What'll happen? Where'll you be then?"

"I reckon," said I, "I'll be somewhere aboard a train, but I'll look you up first."

"Righto!" he said, and out he went.

He had n't been gone above three minutes when there was a knock on the door, and I thought, "Here's the old fire-eater, and I'm in for it." But instead there came in a young fellow, slight and pale and impetuous and excitable.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "you are Mr. Dasent. My name's Martin."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said, understanding a little, for that was the name of her sweetheart Miss Marjorie had given me. "Well, Mr. Martin, what can I do for you?"

"You can go away," he blurted out.

"Yes, of course I can," I said, "but I'd like to know a bit more first."

"I have come to call you to account for this proposed match with Miss Ferrard," he said in a stagey way.

I did n't think very much of her taste when I looked at him, but there's no accounting for women's tastes.

"Call on," says I, quite comfortable in my chair.

"I can't go on," he gasped out. I said nothing. "It's iniquitous," he panted. "I will stop it."

"You seem to be much interested and excited, my friend," I told him. "If I was you, I would n't get into a habit of breaking into people's rooms and shouting at them. It makes them cross. As a rule, they don't like it. I don't happen to mind—much. But as I'm busy now, I'd be obliged if you'd cut it. And before you go I may as well tell you that Miss Marjorie has jilted me." He started. "Yes, it's a shame, but she has. She said that I was a much better-looking man than the one she'd got her eye on, but somehow she preferred a bit of squint in the eye" (for he had a bit of a cast—not much, I admit, and

some people do find it fetching), "so you'd better let me alone to pine by myself." I never saw a man in such a state. He started to come forward, as if he would have shaken my hand, then went back, got confused, tried to speak, and finally got out of the room with a rush. I sat back and laughed a bit. Then I suddenly remembered that I must get off. Jim had given me the coin he'd collected, and so I was just about to ring for the waiter when that blessed door sounded again, and in walked an elderly gentleman with a clean-shaved face.

He stopped on the threshold, staring at me with very sharp eyes, and said nothing.

"Well, what can I do for you, sir?" I asked, nettled by all this dropping in on me.

"You are Mr. Dasent?" he asked. "Mr. George Dasent?"

"Pray be seated, sir," I said. "If you have any business, I should be glad to get it over, as I'm in rather a hurry;" and then I rang for the waiter.

"Ah!" He looked about the room, at the boxes, at the table, and then at me. "You've only just arrived, then?"

Somehow, I did n't like the set of his face—he was quite different from the Colonel; and I did n't ask him his business again.

"Yes," I said, "only just;" and waited for him to go on.

"Let me see, you came from Paris, did n't you?"

I could n't guess who the old boy was, nor why he was interested in my movements. But I said I had. If he'd said Timbuctoo, I'd have agreed.

"Ah!" he said again. "How's your uncle?"

"Fit as a fiddle," I said.

"I'm glad to hear it," he answered, fingering his chin. "I've always had a great feeling for him."

"May I ask, sir," I put in, seeing my chance here, "to whom I have the pleasure of talking?"

"Oh, of course," he said pleasantly. "I'm your uncle too. I'd forgotten you would n't know."

"Glad to see you, Uncle," I said, a bit uncomfortably.

"I think," he went on, "that I should have known you anywhere from your photograph."

I had a shock inside at that, for I could n't make heads or tails of it; and he went on, "And, of course, you've developed a strong American accent, as might have been expected."

That made me downright uneasy, for you will remember that the other old chap said I had n't any; so I moved about restlessly. "I'm rather busy now, Uncle. I've got some letters——"

"Don't mind me, George. I may call you George, may n't I?" he said in his disconcerting calm way. "But there's just one thing I

should like to discuss with you before you settle down. That's this engagement, you know." I dare say I looked rather alarmed, for he went on, "Oh, pray don't disturb yourself. Naturally, your decision has upset Colonel Ferrard. I happened to come in as he received your letter; and I suggested I should come over and have a talk with you."

"It's very kind of you," I said, not knowing what the dickens to say.

"Yes," said he, blinking at me through his glasses; "it has rather upset the poor Colonel. May I ask, Nephew George, why you arrived at this conclusion? I understood the Colonel to say something about true love and loving hearts."

There seemed to me to be a kind of a sneer in his voice; at any rate, something I did n't quite like; but I answered him as bold as brass.

"You've hit it, sir. You've touched the spot. I don't like the idea of coming between people, and that's a fact."

"It does credit to your heart, Nephew George," he said, staring grimly through his glasses. "I should judge you had a generous heart."

"I hope I have, sir," said I.

He looked around. "Not got your things unpacked yet," he remarked.

"No," said I a bit uncomfortably; and I was really glad when the waiter came in.

I'd got the money, as I told you, now, and so I plumped it down on the silver salver, and all the while this old uncle of mine watched me, as if he'd never seen such an interesting sight before.

"Not going to leave us, George?" he said.

"Fact is, I must, sir. This business, you know—very unpleasant——" I winked at him to show that we both understood without saying any more. But he was as grave as an owl. Then that blessed door spoke once more, and in came the Colonel, and after him Miss Marjorie, looking as if she'd been fairly dragged in.

"Well, Edward," says the Colonel brightly, "brought him to his senses?"

"I'm not quite sure," says Uncle Edward meditatively.

"You see how it is, sir," said I to the Colonel, feeling pretty uncomfortable at this invasion, and my seeming to be set against them all. "I could n't very well marry this lady against her will, and I have reason to know that there's another party in the case. You got my letter, sir?"

The Colonel grunted, and looked at Uncle Edward as if he expected him to make a move. But Uncle Edward was busy eying me, as if he had got me under a microscope, so to speak, and wanted to tell what sort of insect I was. At that the Colonel speaks up again rather stiffly.

"I regret that your plans have miscarried in this way, Edward. Of course, if it were not for the sentiment which all we Ferrards have for The Towers, I should not have consented to the match proposed by you. At the same time——"

Well, he did n't get any farther in his pompous way. I'm pretty sharp, as you may guess, and I soon got the hang of it from what he said. It came upon me like a flash that this Uncle Edward, that was so affable, was the uncle in America, and that he must know me for an impostor!

And, by George, he was smart, too; for in a blink he saw that I saw, and he threw up the game, so to speak.

"I'm afraid you've spoiled it, Colonel," says he. "I wanted to give him a little more rope, and see what astonishing tangles he would make."

He had a grim smile, and I knew all was up and that open confession was good for the soul. The Colonel stared without understanding, and Miss Marjorie also.

"I'm sorry, sir," I said. "It was all a mistake. It all began in a sort of joke with a pal; and when I'd got into it I could n't somehow seem to get out. You know how it is."

"What on earth——" began the Colonel, but Uncle Edward silenced him.

"Pray listen," he said. "This may be interesting. Of course you understand this is n't George."

The Colonel said a naughty word sharply, but I did n't care for him; it was the other man I really minded, and Miss Marjorie; and so I went on:

"You see, it was like this, sir. All the hotels are full, and I got shown here by accident—mistaken identity, you understand. It was a bit of a lark, that's all."

"Including the letter and the young lady?" asked Uncle Edward.

"No, sir, that was more serious like," I said. "I've a nice little wife of my own, and I believe in true love, and not this commercial business, and that's a fact. So you have it now."

I spoke quite defiantly, as you may say, on this point, for I did n't feel like knuckling under to them when it came to a girl's happiness and so on. He made no remark, but the Colonel began in a blue fury.

"Why, you impudent rogue——" he said, and blest if that blooming door did n't open again. I was pretty nigh desperate now, and did n't care much who came in. But this one surprised me. He was a youngish fellow dressed to the nines in travelling kit, and his coat was all muddy, as if he'd been in the road, and, what was more, he was three sheets in the wind.

"Who the devil——" he says, and then stops with his eyes on Uncle Edward. "Oh, Lord, how d'ye do, Uncle?" he says, with a sickly smile, and lurches. "I guess I'd better get right in. I ain't fit for company," he said; and makes a zigzag for the bedroom door on the other side of the room. There was a silence when he'd gone, and Uncle Edward looked funny.

"Well, Cousin, would you like Marjorie to marry *that*?" he says,

and added, "I had some doubts of it all myself, from rumors which reached me. And that, if you want to know it, is precisely why I'm here, instead of in New York."

The Colonel was as red as a carnation. "I regret very much——" he said, and murmured something about youthful indiscretion.

"Oh, your Towers will be all right," said Uncle Edward drily. "But I reckon we'll have to make a new arrangement, any way."

"At least," says the Colonel, giving vent to his anger, "we will get rid of this scoundrelly impostor first!" Nice words to apply to me! But old Uncle Edward was n't that sort.

"Do you think so? I wonder," he said very slowly and ponderingly. "Do you know, I believe I'm indebted to him some? I fancy he's taught me something in his own way. I'm not above learning even at my age. My friend," says he to me, "what might your calling be?"

I told him I was a commercial traveller.

"A drummer, eh?" said he, and he grinned at me. "Well, if ever you come over to New York, just you look me up, young man, and I should n't wonder if it would be to your advantage. A drummer, eh? I reckon you ought to be worth your salt as a drummer. Now, I suppose you've enjoyed this play, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I have," I said. "It was getting a bit warm once or twice, but——"

"Then, we'll ring down the curtain, and you can made your adieux," he ended abruptly, with a sort of sharp command in his voice.

I did n't stop after that, not even to say good-by to the Colonel. I got out into the corridor. But this was what I liked, and I shall never forget it. No sooner was I out there than Miss Marjorie came after me.

"I don't know or care whether you are an impostor at all," she said with tears in her eyes, as she gave me her hand; "but this I do know and care about, that you have given my life back to me. I thank you."

I reckon that was better than if I'd taken Uncle Edward's offer and gone to America.



## TO TWO BEREAVED

BY RICHARD KIRK

I KNOW you grieve; but for your little one  
You must be glad; for we at life's full noon  
Have yet sad hills to climb ere day be done:  
She, early dead, found Heaven so near, so soon!



# THE PICTURE-TAKER

*By Elsie Singmaster*

EVERY one on Church Street had gone to bed except Ellie Edelman and Albert Kutz, and the night was dark and silent. Ellie sat in a corner of the bench in front of her mother's house, her rosy, smiling face lifted, her hand patting the bench beside her invitingly.

"Come sit down once, Albert. You don't need to go yet."

"I am not talking from sitting down," replied Albert, from between set teeth. "I am talking from the picture-taker. What do you know about him? Where does he come from? What is his name?"

Ellie laughed a gurgling laugh.

"He never asks no such questions about you, Albert. He never talks about other people when he is with me."

Albert controlled his voice with difficulty.

"Did you ever let him take your picture?"

Ellie still smiled.

"What is that to you?"

"What it is to me?" repeated Albert furiously. "It is this, that if you don't stop going with him, or if you ever let him take your picture, I won't marry you, that is what it is."

Ellie's laugh could have been heard a square away. It wakened old man Fackenthal across the street, and he smiled, sleepily; it made Annie Warner frown. Annie had no beaux.

"You won't marry me! Who wants you to marry me?" She patted the bench again. Ellie hated quarrelling. "Come sit down once, Albert."

But Albert went without another word, his footsteps ringing sharply against the brick pavement. Ellie watched him go. When he had vanished in the dim light, she said, "Pooh!" and laughed. Then she strained her eyes to see down the street. Whether she expected him to return, or some one else to come, she was disappointed. She sat still a few minutes longer, a lazy, sleepy smile on her face, then a little owl above her head hooted softly, and she went into the house. A few minutes later she was asleep, rolled up like a kitten, her tousled, curly head deep in her soft pillow. And, like the cat who remembers

the helpless mouse with which she has played, her expression was one of entire satisfaction with the world.

The "picture-taker," who had registered at the hotel as Arnold Smith, told Ellie that he was spending his vacation in Millerstown, and Ellie asked no questions. She did not care where he came from; the pleasure of hearing him talk, the delight of watching his pleased eyes when she answered, were enough for her. She did not dream that it was in amusement, and not in admiration, that his eyes brightened; it never occurred to her that he was laughing when she said, "Shall I move a piece ways up so that you can get this nice bush also in the picture?" She had thought that Albert Kutz was good-looking, but he was nothing to compare with this stranger. She could never marry Albert now. It was only because she could not help being happy that she was still kind to him. Soon he would have to know—that is, as soon as the stranger asked her—that she was going away. The stranger would never settle down in this stupid village, she was sure of that.

He took a dozen or more pictures of her, she went for long walks with him, he showed her how to roll his cigarette, an operation which would have scandalized even Ellie's easy-going mother. Presently he told her that he was going away. Ellie's eyes filled with tears.

"You are going away?" she repeated unhappily.

"Yes. My vacation is over. I must get back to work."

"B-but you will come back?"

The stranger pinched her rosy cheek.

"Of course. Some day."

"When do you have off again?"

"Have off? Oh, a vacation, you mean! At Christmas."

When he bade her good-night, Ellie lifted her face to his. She was almost irresistible, but the picture-taker conquered any impulses he might have had, and went down the street. He was not entirely unprincipled.

The remembrance of his presence left Ellie in such a glow that she hardly realized that night that he was going away. In the morning she cried. Then she dressed hurriedly. Perhaps if she went down to the station, she could see him once more. But she had slept too long. The train had gone.

Albert Kutz came to see her that evening. He was like a silly moth; he could not stay away. He was prepared to forgive Ellie everything at the first sign of repentance. He had seen the picture-taker depart, if Ellie had not. The picture-taker might have shivered if he could have seen the stare of hate which followed his handsome shoulders down the street.

Ellie received Albert silently. Once he thought that he saw tears

in her eyes, and he ground his teeth together. He had sense enough not to ask her what was the matter. When he proposed a walk she acquiesced languidly, and they went slowly out the pike, a favorite walk with Millerstown lovers. It was there that Ellie had once almost promised to marry him.

"Are you tired?" he asked presently.

"No."

"I guess we will have to turn now round. I must go in the post-office before it shuts up."

Ellie turned like a flash.

"Ach, I will go along to the post-office to see if it is anything for me."

All the way down the pike she was her old gay self. She would not let him ask for her mail. He stood watching her and biting his lips. When he saw that there was no letter for her, his heart jumped. She turned listlessly away from the window.

"I said to my Mom I would come early home," she said sadly.

Summer changed to autumn. The leaves of the Millerstown maples turned red and yellow and dropped; there were butcherings, house-cleanings, apple-butter boilings, and all manner of preparations for winter. The weather prophet in Reading, who judged the temperature of the approaching season from a specially selected breast-bone of a goose, prophesied bitter cold, and the Millerstown housewives covered their roses well, and added quilts and comforts to the ridiculously large store they already possessed.

Ellie's spirits rose with each drop in the temperature. The day of the first frost, she went about smiling; when warm weather returned for a few days, she was listless and sad. Her busy mother, who, every one thought, had spoiled her, scolded. She knew nothing about the stranger except that for a while he had fallen a victim to Ellie's charms. Most men did. Mrs. Edelman was proud of it.

"Why don't you take Albert?" she asked. "You will never feel settled till you are married. I never did till I was married."

"I am not going to marry Albert," declared Ellie.

"Humbug!" answered Mrs. Edelman. "You'd make a nice old maid."

Ellie continued to let Albert come to see her upon condition that he would say nothing about getting married. One day Albert, whose patience was exhausted, seized her by the arm.

"Is he coming back?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"When, then?"

"Over Christmas."

The next evening he went with her to the post-office. He saw her lips quiver at sight of the empty box.

"Don't he write to you?" he demanded.

Ellie looked him calmly in the eye. She had never had a line from the stranger.

"Not with the evening mail, he don't."

Even after that Albert could not keep away.

At first Ellie had expected the pictures to come. Surely he would send them to her. He had taken so many. Then she concluded that he would bring them at Christmas-time. It never occurred to her that he would not come. If she grew pale and listless, it was only because the time seemed so long.

And now Christmas was almost at hand. Twice the fields had been covered with snow, there had been a little skating, and practising for the Christmas entertainments had begun. To Ellie, it seemed that spring was coming. She laughed and sang, and her mother teased her about Albert Kutz.

"Will it soon give a wedding?" she asked.

"Perhaps," sparkled Ellie.

Although New York was not much over a hundred miles away, it was as distant to most of the Millerstonians as London or Paris. Philadelphia, where the Kellner family had gone to live, and where Mantana Kemerer "worked out," was a much less awesome place. Many of them had been to Philadelphia. But New York! You had to cross water to get there, there were cars overhead and underfoot, and cars beside you, and huge buildings which were likely to fall on you. You had to be "dog-sharp" to come home alive, and you never came home with any money.

The villagers knew what New Yorkers were like. A year before, a New Yorker had edited a paper in Millerstown for a few months, and his metropolitan ways had not pleased Millerstown. They called his paper the "yellow" journal. He had returned to New York to be a reporter on the *Era*, and they hoped never to see or hear of him again.

It would have disturbed them beyond expression could they have known that on a certain clear December afternoon, events were so shaping themselves in the office of another New York paper as to bring trouble to Millerstown. In the great office there was the cheerful rattle of typewriters, the click of telegraph instruments, an occasional yell for a messenger boy or a shout for copy. Above, on the next floor, thundered the printing-presses. It was a place which would have terrified the citizens of Millerstown.

In one corner of the office, at a high roll-top desk, which cut him off from the rest of the room, sat the Sunday editor, a blue-pencilled

newspaper before him. It was a copy of their rival, the *Era*. The heavily pencilled lines read:

*Watch To-morrow's Press for Exposé of Unprecedented Deceit.  
Republican's Article on Life Among the Boers a Fake.*

Having for years rivalled each other in the manufacture of news and the "faking" of pictures, the *Era* and the *Republican* had for some months been exposing each other's fabrications. The *Era* had pricked the *Republican's* "Prehistoric Discovery" hoax, the *Republican* had proved that the huge mounds of snow which the *Era* had accused the Highway Department of leaving on the street were really small piles, of which enlarged photographs had been taken. The *Era* had printed General Bland's unconditional denial of the interview which the *Republican* had published. The *Republican* had shown that the pictures which the *Era* labelled "Houses of Anthracite Miners" really represented the miners' pig-sties. Then the *Republican* cheerfully awaited developments. They had come.

The Sunday editor rang a bell and summoned a reporter.

"Any fake about your Boer article?"

"No, sir."

"Where'd you get your illustrations?"

"Denworth's."

The Sunday editor handed him the paper.

"Pooh, they can't touch it," said the reporter.

"Well, you be ready to defend it."

It was two days before Christmas in far-away Millerstown. Mince pies were baked, turkeys killed and hung in cold cellars, Christmas trees were locked in barns, ready to be taken in and trimmed after children had gone to bed. Old man Fackenthal, who played Belsnickle and went round with a bundle of switches for naughty children, had tried on a marvellous suit of red flannel and cotton-batting. In all Millerstown, only Albert Kutz was sorrowful. He had been so foolish as to buy a ring for Ellie, knowing that she would not take it. She seemed more dear and desirable than ever, now that the color had returned to her cheeks, the light to her eyes, even though he knew it was because the stranger was coming back. He went to the Edelman house each evening, fearing that it would be his last. Mrs. Edelman obligingly went out to visit the neighbors, and left them alone. She asked Ellie why they did not sit in the parlor instead of the kitchen, and Ellie said it was warmer in the kitchen. It was really because it would be easier to dismiss Albert at the kitchen door when the stranger arrived.

And presently her straining ears were rewarded. There was a knock at the front door. Albert rose miserably.



"Good-by, Ellie," he said unsteadily.

"Good-by," answered Ellie cheerfully, no more able to keep the thrill of joy out of her voice than Albert was able to keep the quiver of pain out of his. At that moment Albert was no more to her than the cat under the table. She only wished that he would go, and go quickly.

When she opened the front door, she was so startled that she almost cried out. The man who stood there was not tall and broad-shouldered, as the picture-taker had been, but short and stout. When he lifted his hat, the blood came back to Ellie's heart. No one but the picture-taker had ever lifted his hat to Ellie. Perhaps this man was a friend, perhaps— She did not know what to think.

The man spoke in a quick, decided voice:

"Is this where Miss Edelman lives?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I see her?"

"Yes, sir."

The man came in and closed the door, and Ellie led the way to the parlor. It was in immaculate order, and there was a bright fire glowing behind the mica doors of the double-burner. Ellie was too confused to do anything but stare at the young man.

"Will you please tell Miss Edelman I should like to see her?"

"Yes, sir—I mean—I am Ellie Edelman."

The young man was upon his feet at once.

"Oh, I did n't understand!"

Ellie realized that he was waiting for her to sit down. She did not see that the kitchen door had opened a tiny crack.

The young man wasted no time.

"Miss Edelman, did you ever have your picture taken?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where and when?"

"Once long ago, and once a tin-type at the fair."

"Never at any other time?"

"No, sir." A wave of color came into Ellie's face. "Ach, yes, sir." He had surely come with news of the picture-taker.

"When?"

"Last summer."

"Here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember in what positions?"

"Positions?" repeated Ellie helplessly.

"Yes, how were you taken; standing or sitting or——"

"Oh, why, sometimes standing and sometimes sitting and sometimes walking, and—and——"

"Who took them?"

"A—a man."

"Did he say what he took them for?"

"Why, he said——" Ellie began to stammer. He had said that he took them because she was so pretty. "No, he did not say why he took them."

"Did he take one in which you were leaning on the fence with a pail in your hand?"

"Yes, sir. But he said he would n't finish it up, because—because I was not fixed up like sometimes. He——" Ellie was almost crying. The young man was so stern. And the picture-taker must have showed him her picture in her old dress. The young man did not heed her tears. He was there to vindicate himself from a charge which might make him lose his position. The clerk at Denworth's denied having sold him the pictures, and he was accused of having taken them himself, or of having secured them, knowing that they were not what he represented them to be. He could not spare this young woman, if she did cry.

"What was the name of the young man who took your picture?" he asked.

Ellie began to sob. She could not say that she did not know. Neither she nor the stranger saw the door open.

"What was his name?" he repeated.

"What was whose name?" asked Albert Kutz. Then Albert found himself pushed back into the kitchen by the quick shutting of the door in his face. The stranger was pleased to see that Miss Edelman was a girl of sense and spirit. At least, she resented the eavesdropping of her family. He took a paper from his pocket.

"I am a representative of the *New York Republican*. Two weeks ago I wrote an article on 'Life Among the Boers' for the Sunday edition. I got the illustrations from a photographer in New York. They were chiefly pictures of Boer girls. A reporter for the *Era* declares they are not Boer girls. He says they are Pennsylvania-German girls, and that they came from this town. Do you know this picture, Miss Edelman?"

He unfolded the paper before Ellie's frightened eyes. There was the picture of her in her old dress, the milk-pail in her hand. The picture was labelled "Typical Boer Girl."

"It is me," gasped Ellie.

"And this?"

"It is Mary Kuhns."

"And this?"

"It is Jovina Neuweiler." Ellie suddenly stopped crying. "He said he did n't take pictures of nobody but me," she said hotly. "I don't want to have nothing to do with him and his pictures."

"No," said the young man heartily; "of course you don't. The *Republican* wants to help you punish him. Now what was his name?"

Ellie stared at him dumbly.

"You want him punished, don't you? You see, we are going to sue the Denworths for misrepresentation and fraud, and we want you for a witness."

"A witness?" repeated Ellie.

"Yes."

"In—in such a—a court?"

"Yes."

"And have all the people know he took my picture?"

"Oh, everybody will know that." The young man took another paper from his pocket. It was a *Sunday Era*. It reprinted the *Republican's* pictures of Boer girls, but they were labelled differently. "This is not a Boer girl, but Ellie Edelman, of Millerstown." The other pictures were labelled, "Other Millerstown girls." Ellie seemed to be the only one whom the former editor of the Millerstown "yellow journal" remembered by name.

Ellie stared wildly. To have to go to New York, to confess before all the world that she had let the stranger take her picture, and that she did not even know his name! And to have all New York staring at her in her old dress and apron! If she had been fixed up, it would have been different. And here she was alone with this stern young man. Her mother would not be back for an hour. Albert had gone—had she not slammed the door in his face? They might take her to prison—they might— Ellie burst into tears.

At that the stranger lost all patience.

"Do you like to be branded in the eyes of the world as a dirty, ignorant Boer girl?" he demanded.

"No," said Ellie wildly. "No, no——"

"Then what was the name of the man who took your picture?"

Ellie did not answer.

"Miss Edelman," said the stranger, "are you a Boer girl or are you not?"

"I do not know what you are talking about," cried Ellie wildly. "But I am not a Boer's girl. I—I am——" Ah, surely Albert would not mind, even if he never spoke to her again. "I am Albert Kutz's girl."

She realized that the kitchen door had opened once more. Had Albert stayed? Had he heard? Would he with righteous anger repudiate her? Her eyes besought him piteously.

Albert fronted the stranger like a lion.

"What do you want?"

"I want to know whether Miss Edelman is a Boer girl," said the stranger impatiently. "You see, it was this way——"

But Albert opened the front door.

"She told you whose girl she was," he said. "Now clear out."



## THE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULD BE A KING

A FABLE WITHOUT SLANG

*By Ralph Bergengren*

**T**HERE was a young man in Europe who wanted to be a King. The idea had appealed strongly to his boyish imagination. As he grew older, and found all the thrones occupied, he decided to emigrate.

He had heard that in America, or at least in that part of America known as the United States, every man was a King. He came over in the steerage, but when he had landed and looked about, he could not help saying (in his own language): "My God! these are the queerest-looking Kings I ever imagined!"

Being unable to go back, he had to go forward.

Many years passed, fruitful, busy years, for at last he saved enough to go back, with a hundred dollars to spend after he got there. And the folk of his native village received him as if he were a King indeed, for he came from the United States and spent his money in princely fashion. But the man was unsatisfied. He could not grasp the idea that being treated like a King is the best part of being one.

Nor did he grasp the moral of his life experience, which is that every man in the United States is a King when he comes back to his native village with a hundred dollars to spend.

# THOSE OF THE OUTER DARK

*By Will Levington Comfort*

Author of "The Road of Living Men," "Routledge Rides Alone," etc.

THE man next to Torrance sat like a heavily-carven block through the opening act of Mrs. Devenney's final appearance in "Woe." In the interval of light, Torrance noted the brown, massive hand on the knee to the left of his own, and was conscious of the presence of one of those strong psychic organisms which drain the energy from the atmosphere about. His first glance at the man's face made him think of a huge bronze Buddha seen somewhere in Japan. Big-boned as the frame was, the features were in no sense coarse. The black hair, though close-cropped, was so thick as to have the appearance of felt, and, seen in profile, the single black eye shone with the hard brightness of a gem.

"Here is a man," thought Torrance, "capable of fighting flame with ice, an unwhippable giant, a type of admirable masculinity, superbly conditioned, and one who could be brought down only with a big-game gun." Having settled all this beyond peradventure, he was startled not a little by the first sound from the man. It was toward the end of the second act, when the child of the piece has some very sweet words to say to Mrs. Devenney.

"God love the little girl!" he breathed.

Now, the voice was so low and memorable, and the words so suggestive of gentleness, inward delight, and delicacy of feeling, that Torrance suddenly felt himself a crudity beside him, crude from the much seeing of plays in the consciousness of their illusion.

In "Woe" Mrs. Devenney attains the majesty of her performance during the third act. Her voice, the most thrilling instrument of emotion that ever quickened the pulse of Torrance, breaks under the stress of madness. The succession of sounds is like débris falling upon a harp. The burning stare of her eyes, from lids like charred paper, reveals the flight of sanity; and that right hand of hers, whose bounty Torrance had known—white, faultless, swift as the shadow of a leaf—grows suddenly tense, quivering,—reverts, literally under one's eye, to a gray talon stretched to clutch. Many times he had seen the big drama before he could take his eyes from Mrs. Devenney's



face at this instant. Not until then did he realize the fulness of her art, and discover that he could read the whole horrid obsession in the fling of her arm. Again, he realized, had he been blind, it was all in the havoc of her voice. . . . On this night, Torrance felt the great muscular being at his left fall to trembling in the dark, and a single word was shot into his brain with a force that buried it there like a jewel in rock:

"God!"

In the crowd going out, Torrance met him full-faced. The bulk of shoulders had made the stranger look squatty as he sat, but, risen, he proved of ample height. The crystal hardness of his eyes had softened with singular attraction. Torrance thought the other would have been glad to speak to him, but remembered that he was in New York.

Among innumerable tributes to Mrs. Devenney, Margilt's is as effective as another. Here is a man who marshals the stars of the stage, and who has made a million in making good *his* assertion that the multitude demands cheap drama at any price. To his further shame, let it be known that Margilt preserves his own enthusiasm for that which is really true and inspiring. Of Mrs. Devenney he said characteristically:

"She is the supreme artist. . . . Mrs. Devenney did not rise to her position; she had the grace to condescend to the Top of the Stage. . . . Had I my way, there should be no box-office at Mrs. Devenney's theatre, but a committee of wise and holy men to examine all and turn away those who are not worthy to enter."

Sharing the enthusiasm of Margilt for the art, and worshipping the womanhood of the artist besides, it was impossible for Torrance to tool English into adequate sentences regarding her. She seemed to preserve—in that loveliness which is just on the eve of perfect blooming—a certain exquisite mystery still to be unfolded. Her enduring admirer could not have been cold to temperament, for to be with Mrs. Devenney when she stopped to speak with a strange child on the street—just to hear her say, "Little boy"—caused the stir of centuries in his breast. . . . The joy was his to spend a full afternoon with her shortly after the end of her season in "Woe." From zenith to dusk of a regal May day, they climbed the Matterhorns and explored the tangles of Central Park. The fragile golden creature proved a true mountain-maid in wind and limb, and Torrance declared himself quite as happy as if he had done some heralded part of the world's work, thus earning the privilege of her companionship. She laughed at his description of the big bronze idol of a chap who had trembled under her magic a few nights before. Queerly enough,

his story reminded her of a giant she had seen in action that very morning. Two men were at work countless stories above the street, on the steel frame of a sky-scraper. A hammer dropped from a floor still higher struck one of the men, who was actually caught in falling by his companion, the hero of the day.

"The physical strength required was almost incredible," Mrs. Devenney related, stirred by the memory. "Think of it—their footing on the steel beam was not more than ten inches wide. The giant threw himself forward to catch his fellow, clutching the steel-frame with one arm and the senseless body with the other. Then it was fully two minutes before the other workmen could rescue the burden dangling in mid-air from that mighty arm! . . . But best was the big man's bashfulness, as he came down to the street where we were shouting like the Roman populace. He caught one of the hundred hands that were stretched to his—it was mine—and I heard him say:

"I was thankful to be there—and to have strength enough.' . . . That was all, but how splendid!" she finished. "We read of such deeds thoughtlessly, but it is intimately wonderful to see a thing done like that."

They discussed the incident at length, sitting together upon a protruding spine of Manhattan rock. Naturally, the subject led them into the relations of men in this strange world.

"I dream of a play whose purpose is swift and unerring as that giant's—to effect a rescue of the race," she declared suddenly. "I want a play with the spirit of the Christ in it! I want to show men that life means helping, not *hunting!*"

"Have you spoken to Margilt about such a play?" Torrance asked whimsically.

"Yes. He advised cold plunges and country quiet. . . . Margilt is a very clever man," she added, after a moment's thought. "I told him I should have such a play for next season, or none. I have had my biggest nights in 'Woe,' 'The Cad,' and others. When this biggest night is past, a play becomes but a torturing repetition. Margilt reminded me that I had done *some* good in this wicked city, and inquired how the Master of Talents would regard me if I buried mine—because I could not get such and such a play. 'You dream of doing a great good, Mrs. Devenney,' he observed, 'and you deserve a temple to do it in, but if I cannot furnish the temple for you, is it quite fair for you to refuse to work in the little red school-houses?'"

"Did you persist—that you would wait for this—dream-piece?" Torrance asked with intensity.

"Yes. Not that I am tired; not that I am willing to forego any good that I may do; but because I feel that my waiting may

bring pure gold out of the depths. I *feel* that there is such a play, but that it would never reach Margilt's eyes——"

"You mean——"

"That it would be rejected by the least of his very tired clerks."

They walked longer; then returned to their rock. Voices of children reached them through the trees, and the stimulating thud of hoofs on the turf roads. The earth breathed sweetly on the wind. The face of Torrance colored like a boy's at times; then whitened and lined itself again, as he leaned and listened and dreamed—hardly speaking.

"Oh, how I want this play!" she exclaimed with final emotion. "There is such need to give battle against the brutality of the world! Two men desire a woman, and in their brains is a war of beasts to obtain her. Two men want money, and theirs is a competition of lies and hatred. They paint a picture or discover a sun-spot, and the laurel-wreath of one is poison-oak to the other. . . . To think of Man—erect like a God—rending his neighbor, crushing that which is beneath and debasing that which is high. . . . A Saviour must come again, lest we forget utterly—to love one another."

Rather a high moment. Perhaps it was this moment which left the attar of fragrance upon that rare day. Until dusk, they lingered. After a supper of bread and milk, Mrs. Devenney played the tremendous part of *Lara* in "The Pool of Bethesda" at the De Lacy benefit. The formula of her vitality is all but lost in these civilized times. Torrance was drugged with ozone, even a bit leg-weary, and glad to sink in the cushions before her.

Less than a month later Mrs. Devenney received a manuscript from Margilt. His letter accompanying read in part:

. . . Here is the play you want—"Gethsemane"—rather an unusual type of the rejected manuscript. Keep well-wrapped in oiled paper, for the thing weeps. Really, a virulent case of sorrows, this, by a man who seems to take seriously both the rich and the poor. Author is unknown, submits through an agent, who confesses that the manuscript has been submitted oft before—both in England and here. . . . Play has big lines; seems built in spots by an old hand. The name attached, Peter Noel, probably a myth. With the great Devenney and the right cast—New York will doubtless be born again.

It is recorded that Mrs. Devenney opened the package that very evening; that she was not conscious of stirring under the lamp until the end, when she arose without any apparent seriousness of one who has just found a year's work; rather, with eyes shining from a glimpse of the Heights. . . . Peter Noel—her interest in him was instant and intense. Not in the telephone-book, she referred to the big direc-

tory. The only Peter Noel in New York was a laborer with a room in Clinton Street—a devious, despicable shoal of the slum, this Clinton Street, whither Torrance volunteered, only to learn that the name was forgotten. Shifts are too swift for charting in these shallows. . . . As for Torrance—the finer ore of the man began to show now. . . . “Two men desire a woman,” she had said, “and in their brains is a war of beasts to obtain her.”

Her glory was great joy to Torrance—not a reflection, but a substance of intrinsic light. He had loved her for years, and his ardor had become the ardor of a summer that could know no autumn, since continually the mind and the soul of the woman sustained.

Margilt never laughed so little in the arrangement of a production, nor left so much to the first woman of his cast. The few players were consummately chosen. How strange it all came about, may be drawn from the fact that Mrs. Devenney's leading man, Brill Temple, was called from the unknowns. “He has a voice; he is electric,” she said. “He can look visions like a drowsy child! . . . Oh, if I could only advise with Peter Noel! . . . I believe he must be sitting back laughing at us!”

Tirelessly that summer she labored in preparation, only leaving town for an occasional week-end. Rehearsals through September, and Mrs. Devenney began really to live the piece. All her emotions were rising to this thing; and her studies of color, drawn first-hand from the East Side, preyed upon her—purse and brain and heart. “Gethsemane” in manuscript never fell into the hands of Torrance, and there was no exception to Mrs. Devenney's ruling against outsiders at rehearsals; accordingly, the plot and purport of the play was to him a challenging mystery.

One Sunday evening late in September, the two walked together close to the East River. Something was awry with the night or the hour. The voices and abodes of the quarter were foreign and terrible—a ruin of men and buildings like some dream of an outcast planet. As from the Pit, they saw the far serene heavens, and panted for the sweet autumnal night of the cleaner world.

“It's like this—the setting of ‘Gethsemane’!” Mrs. Devenney whispered. “That's why I brought you here.”

Torrance did not speak, but the woman divined that he was thinking of the manner of man who could use such a setting for a play.

“Sometimes I think of him as a writer already great,” she said, “one who has added to his natural gift of fineness that strength and simplicity of the everlasting hills which come only with the years; and sometimes I think of the Voice in ‘Gethsemane’ as straight from Nature—an inspiration compelled from some big soul

whose travail is the woes of his people. This last must be true. The art of long culture could not be so naïve. . . . Then there is an intimate love for the lowly in the lines, which seems so far—so far from Fame!”

“But you say that the play is almost flawless technically,” Torrance observed.

“Yes, that is true—as a simple thing may be flawless. Ah, you will see that the inspiration of ‘Gethsemane’ is as old as the kingdom of heaven in man’s soul, and as new—as new as New York to-night! . . . I believe we are treading *close* to some strange and beautiful life. It actually startles me to think that the man who wrote ‘Gethsemane’ may be sitting before me the first night! He is scarcely human, don’t you think, if he does n’t come?”

“He will be there true enough,” Torrance said, holding himself well in hand. “If his play wins—he will thank you.”

She was silent. Something seemed to be breaking down in the man’s breast. He knew that his words had expressed her great hope—that Peter Noel would be there and thank her. It came to Torrance that only the soul of an artist could ignite to full splendor the being of this rare woman. . . . Cries of children were constant in the bleak, black defile they trod. The place and the night were suddenly made insufferable by the low rage of a woman. A policeman approached, undisturbed apparently by the savagery of the hidden voice, but curious of the two strangers in the quarter. . . . Torrance and Mrs. Devenney walked swiftly westward to the lights.

“Peter Noel says that it is not that the rich are so wicked,” she panted, “but that poverty is so common, so all-teeming. The happier classes are hardened by constant contact; at least, dismayed altogether, as to where to begin to lift. . . . Yet can anything be more dreadful than the thought of the women at this very hour on Broadway yonder, their hands heavy with yellow metal and flashing stones, while back there—I can hear them now—babes are moaning from hunger in breasts that are dry from want of bread—just bread?”

Any critical word now of the play “Gethsemane” is superfluous, since it has found its own high cleft; but the manner in which an individual, according to his niche in society, dangles on the point of it, is always in order. Torrance, for instance, was a settled New Yorker, surfacely a happy man, accustomed to all the amenities with which wealth and discrimination may cushion the ways of living. Religiously, he had preserved his relish for work—a work ample to spare him from obesity of brain. Neither a Midas, a Moloch, a dilettante, nor noted abomination of any sort; still, he found his



place in society ethically defined that opening night, and this without froth, rant, or rage of any kind. Indeed, it was the bigness and kindness of the story which showed him wanting, as it certainly held the listener from suffocation while he was led through unspeakable arteries of realism among God's stone-driven and bewildered poor.

Beneath and above it all, Torrance felt this to be a personal arraignment from Mary Devenney—point by point an arraignment of his living unsuccess. Had not the play become a part of her; had not the words of the nerve-quickenings Peter Noel unerringly found her lips in the movement of city streets?

The night was in mid-October, and the house sold to a distinguished audience. Critics were there, each with his bit reined to a separate stratum of social life; managers who ignite the stars of the stage were there, and the play-makers; painters, songsters, magazinists, the pleasure-tortured and the merely rich. Only those of the outer dark, whose haggard prototypes the players were—the lees caught in the crystal named "Gethsemane"—these were not there. . . . The discovery by Torrance of the sumptuous shoulders of the big bronze idol of a man whom he had seen the last night of "Woe," directly in front of him now, fell merely into an amused reflection, since the discovery occurred at the very moment of the curtain.

New York was not instantly to be adjusted to such a piece. A woman near—her face livid in the stage-light and her eyes like cairngorms—miscaught a line and laughed aloud. Her panic at the sound of her own voice alone, was that of a doe parted from the herd. The giant in front shivered with inward agony, and Torrance felt the wrench.

Yet the final curtain had not risen before lustrous dawn broke upon "Gethsemane." A run of vital thoughts held the brain of Torrance. The *same purpose*, hidden deep in the law of things, had prevailed upon Peter Noel to write and Mary Devenney to desire such a play; then the genius of the woman had prevented Margilt from committing the work to the deep, as other managers had done. . . . "Gethsemane" stirred and softened the sand under many a secret and unholy moral structure that night. One of those levelled belonged to Torrance. The drama's power has since happily been noted in details of social reconstruction.

There is a point here in touching upon the last terrible scene. Veritably that night the audience was torn from the anchorage of drama, whipped out into the roaring deeps of life by the sweep and hurl of that superlative woman's power; when, as *Esther Liddel*, perceiving her own stormy soul and the defilement of men, in the eyes of her child, curses the world, challenges perdition, and denies

God. . . . Pulpits have echoed the answer of Brill Temple in the part of *Fontanes*, as he lifts her:

*"It is your poor wounded body which speaks, child. The world which has hurt you is all the hell you shall ever know. That the city which has maimed and cast you out still laughs and lusts yonder in the night, only proves the infinite patience, the Godhood of God, in that He does not destroy mankind, but gives us ages and ages in which to learn the little lesson of Brotherhood."*

Now, as Torrance strained forward to catch each word, he suddenly became aware that the lips of the giant before him were moving with *Fontanes'*, as one almost silently might repeat a familiar creed with his pastor. And thus he came to know the man who wrote "Gethsemane."

Peter Noel would have gone back unknown to the dark. Torrance assured himself of that. His eyes felt hard, his mouth dry, his lips tight and cold, as elements of ancient meanness fled baffled from the white light in his brain. "Gethsemane"—Mary Devenney would not permit him to be silent. . . . Reaching the street, he touched the great shoulder. Peter Noel turned and was drawn into a doorway out of the crowd. He made no effort to dissemble the truth, but requested Torrance not to make his authorship known.

"But why not let the world know you have done this great thing? . . . Listen to the passing crowd talk of your achievement now! . . . Is that hard to bear?"

"No," the giant whispered passionately. "It is healing, restoring, magic. I did not know that I could feel like this, but among the people who need me—it would complicate if they knew that I had done this thing. Only by laboring with my hands and living in their midst can I be called one of them—and this must be now."

The man's candor was cool and cleansing to the brain. The sun-darkened face was guileless as a child's. Life had bitten deeply into it, but left it pure, like scars of glacial grinding on a granite cliff.

"I happen to know that Mrs. Devenney is deeply anxious to meet you, Mr. Noel," Torrance said.

"That exalted woman!" the other exclaimed. "Truly I hunger to thank her for a part that is bigger than mine. Still, to impose a secret upon her——"

"She will share it gladly for the privilege of knowing you—to-night!"

"And you—are acquainted with Mrs. Devenney?" he asked, regarding the New Yorker as a wonder-worker.

"Yes. . . . May I arrange it? She will be at the stage-door in a few minutes and will have a bite to eat with us where it is quiet

so that you may talk. I promise that my discovery shall not pass out of the circle of three."

"You make me very happy," Noel replied. "But are you sure she may not be too tired to-night, and that I—do not intrude?"

"Quite sure."

There was a memorable delight in the moment to Torrance, in spite of reckless charges of pain. . . . He heard Mrs. Devenney laugh at last in the long dim tunnel from the stage to the side-street, heard her "good-nights"—then her swift light step, her smile in the entrance-light. . . . Both hands were out to Torrance, before she apprehended the stranger.

"And you have found my hero!" she exclaimed. "My hero of the sky-scraper!"

"Is it possible?" Torrance exclaimed. "I only knew that I had captured Peter Noel."

Watching and listening, Torrance felt that he had some part in "Gethsemane." . . . There was n't a pose in Noel's range of thought or action, nor the faintest cloy of self-consciousness in the fine energies of his mind. The man and the woman were beautiful together. They played over all the world's bright meadows of art in an hour, and penetrated with stout hope and stirring prophecy the man-made glooms of society. It came to the Third, which Torrance felt he was, that Mary Devenney had never before been so thrilling, so brilliant, apart from her work. . . . The impulse came to Peter Noel to depart. It was in the highest of moments, and he carried out the impulse in an abrupt but fascinating way.

The silence grew strange in the little supper-room. It was as if great dynamos beneath them had suddenly ceased to vibrate.

The woman lifted a glass of water and studied the heart of crystal. The face of Torrance was white and drained, but the woman's was unwearied—her lips happy.

"And so he has gone back to the darkness," she said at last.

"He will come again."

"Not unless you search and bring him to me," she said.

"I am ever at your service."

"But I shall not ask you. . . . I want to feel him toiling down there—keeping the fires of humanity bright in the underworld. His work must not be complicated—don't you understand?"

"Not quite, I'm afraid."

"Ah, you have brought me so many good gifts, Nathan Torrance."

"But never an hour of joy—such as this giant gave you."

"On the contrary, he is one of your gifts."

"You never were so beautiful—nor so far from me," he said.

"How dear—how blind you are! I think a woman would understand it all."

"I know the words of Peter Noel have been on your lips for weeks," he went on quietly. "I know that you longed to meet him. I know that I did not find in him an angel, a black magician, a cad lined with star-stuff, nor eccentric of any sort,—but just a man, a noble man, who regarded you with a reverence almost worshipful. I know that I felt common beside him, felt as never before the crippling magnetism of Mother Earth—that I feared him as no other man——"

"But brought him to me," she said with a swift smile.

"I know that if I were Peter Noel, I should not have gone away as he did."

"If you only grasped one thing, all would change, dear," she said cheerfully. "Oh, it is so very clear to me—that there is n't a romance in Peter Noel! Can't you see that he is one of those unearthly strivers, all lit with spirit energy, who labor alone? I knew your fear—I loved your bringing him to me, in that fear, but the Peter Noels of this world are not born to mate with women. Read your Saint Paul. He is one part man—six parts prophet."

"I think if I were a woman," he said finally, "I could not have let him go away like that."

Mary Devenney laughed blithely. "If you were a woman, you would be as I am to-night—happier than ever before. Six parts woman am I, Nathan Torrance, to whom you are more than ever dear; and one part dreamer who has just seen great new good in the world—one of God's unconquerable forces which sustain our commoner lives. . . . Please, may I go home, sir?"



## A VIOLIN

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

HERE lies the soul of music slumbering,  
 Dream-wrapt in harmonies that ebb and flow;  
 Let but the master touch one silent string,  
 The soul will wake, responsive to the bow!

# EATING IN PARIS

*By Warren Barton Blake*

JUDGING by their books, English and American travellers have, in visiting Paris, received their chief impressions through their Little Marias. Perhaps they are excusable. Good eating is good eating anywhere, but to me a beefsteak *à la Chateaubriand*, a salad, and a bit of cheese, with black coffee, never taste altogether so good anywhere as at Paris. Service counts for much in these matters; and while excellent service is to be found far from the French capital, and bad service may be stumbled upon within the barriers, the level of manners among those who wait is decidedly higher in Paris than out. When F. Hopkinson Smith gnashes his teeth at the "insolence" of New York, I more than half suspect he is thinking principally of our precious waiters—who even dare to "strike"! The next American Revolution will direct itself, if I can manage it, against the tyranny of this unbridled tribe. At Paris, on the other hand, your waiter earns his tip by treating you as, presumably, a prince travelling *incog.*, and wearing out old duds you don't dare offer to your valet.

A chapter in one of E. V. Lucas's books praises the joy of entering Paris at nightfall: as most foreigners do. "And I think they are wise," adds Mr. Lucas. "Every time that one emerges from the Gare du Nord or the Gare St. Lazare one is taken afresh by the variegated and vivid activity of it all—the myriad purposeful, self-contained, bustling people, all moving on their unknown errands exactly as they were moving when one was here last." These reëntries are pleasures that time cannot alter nor custom stale. And evening is the best time for arriving—provided that one arrive with a good appetite. The first thing to do is to dine on one of the boulevards.

Now, it makes, after all, but little difference whether you choose for your dining a restaurant on a right-bank boulevard, or a left; and it does n't even have to be a boulevard, unless you are a parvenu. Voisin's will do most handsomely, in the rue Saint-Honoré, or Foyot's, opposite the Senate. But I am inclined to think that, if it's spring or summer, and the weather is propitious, it is better to dine at neither of these places; better, in fine, to dine *al fresco*. With the lights playing on the broad, teeming pavements, and the cabs driving by, with much innocuous



cracking of whips, and taxis honking a cordial welcome, and everywhere the shifting, unhurried figures of the Paris crowd—pastry-cooks' boys, *agents*, late shoppers, promenaders—how glad you are to have the pageant pass once more before you!

To some Americans, dining in Paris suggests a reserved table at Maxim's, or some other Palace of Spenders, with too much champagne in the buckets, and amorous music, and bad cigars at five francs each. To the real Paris-lover, the connotation is altogether different. For him, above all, a meal at the Tour d'Argent is a treat to be remembered, with Frédéric (Henrik Ibsen's double) preparing the duck *à la presse* as no one else knows how, and serving it as you imagine Louis XIV. would have done, had he been a *maitre d'hôtel*. One treasures even the paste-board card-certificate stating that this is the sixty-fifth thousandth duck Frédéric has so served. A dinner at the Tour d'Argent, on the Quai de la Tournelle, is a rare occurrence for some of us, and is certainly too great an extravagance for the first night of all. After the novelty has worn off, one becomes critical; demands much more than a good sauce and a genial servitor. But dinner this evening need not cost one more than, say, three francs; for which sum one is excellently nourished. (Two francs is the proverbial figure; I am less conservative.) From the very *hors d'œuvres*, that seem somehow more in keeping than across the channel—or ocean—one is bound to enjoy this first meal of all. And, if we take it *en terrasse*, we shall be assistants

*À la première du printemps,  
Au spectacle de la Nature;  
On va commencer l'ouverture . . .*

—a spectacle of Human Nature, at any rate; a sublime one, if one cares to climb the steeps of Montmartre, and be reminded of a certain scene in "Louise."

It really does not matter how small the restaurant is whose terrace we so occupy. Indeed, if it is a very small one, the proprietor is likely to remember you when you return, and the *garçon* will recollect your tipping him a shade too generously (in the enthusiasm of arriving), and will make a great flourish with laying a clean table-cloth. There is such earnestness in his recommendation of certain dishes; such honest zeal in his delivery of your little order, and such good-will in his haste to uncork your modest half-bottle of red wine! Every one seems to know every one else at the little restaurant; there is laughter; there is a great racket when patrons hail the waiter to beseech more bread or another bottle of sauterne; there comes from within a great but cheerful rattling of silver, and one hears one's order echoed and impressively reëchoed from waiter to kitchen, and back again:

"Roast partridge with cauliflowers!" in the waiter's tenor.

"*Une perdrix aux choux-fleurs!*" in the unseen cook's bass rumble.

"*Vite! une tripe à la mode de Caen!*"

"*Entendu!*" in the bass again.

"Who ordered the chicken? Whose is this plate of *navets*?"

"*Garçon, un dock!*"

"*Voilà, monsieur.*"

It is the merriest of hurly-burly!

Ik Marvel wrote, to be sure, that the *café* is the breakfast room of the dweller in lodgings—in an *hôtel meublé*; "the Parisian takes here his chocolate and his paper—his half-cup and his cigar—his mistress and his ice; the Provincial takes his breakfast and his *National*—his absinthe and his wife; even the English take there their *Galignani* and their eggs." Probably Ik Marvel never tried the humble dairies—where the rolls are none the less crisp and the omelets none the less succulent because their price is shaped to the limitations of the student-purse. Certainly he is right in suggesting that the *café* is one of the arenas of French public life; though it is less so to-day than in the years of his visits. A modern journalist has written seriously enough of the *café* as an agency in the war of State against Church—alcohol being, one may assume, the solvent of the True Faith. But if the *café* is a French institution *par excellence*, so is the little dairy; so the restaurant where we dined before we breakfasted.

Indeed, only one kind of restaurant is actually to be avoided. That is the sort which, near the *ateliers* of the right bank, or in the Latin Quarter, offers, in its false luxury of mirrors and gilt paint, and its window-display of viands rented at a reasonable rate from near-by dealers, a temptation to the lean-pursed clerk and student, and to the injudicious traveller. The price is only one franc something for a course luncheon or dinner, with bread "at discretion," and a bottle of fluid called wine thrown in. One does better to enter a workingmen's eating-house, even, if one is truly "stony," than to risk the poultry of such an establishment.

As for writing at length about mere eating and drinking, though it would have shocked the ladies of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet* and their squires—and would have shocked, even had nothing been spoken of the cheaper eating-houses—does it, nowadays, call for serious apology? I think not. Surely it is possible to be overrefined in these matters; although, to the Anglo-Saxon, such a refinement is no strong temptation. The author of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* has it, not unjustly:

*Peintre, musicien, statuaire, poète,  
Tous ces gens qui, dit-on, ne vivent que de tête,  
Ont-ils rien fait de bon pendant qu'ils ont jeûné?  
Un roi n'est roi que quand il a diné.*

# DAPHNE AND THE LAW

*By Jean Wilde Wadley*

“WELL, Daphne, you think it over.” The Major gave the pretty head an affectionate pat. “Took your breath away, did n’t it, little girl? But it has been in my mind this long time. Still”—the Major reached for his broad hat and rose slowly from the low veranda chair—“I don’t want to hurry you, you know. Just think it over, as I say, at your leisure, and drop me a line. I have known you nearly all your life, my dear, and you have grown very dear to me. I would try to make you happy.”

He bowed gravely to the girl, standing speechless on the piazza steps, and took his slow way through the gate and down the broad road.

Daphne watched him. At the corner the Major stopped and lighted a fresh cigar. Still dazed, she turned to the hammock behind the vines, and, burying her flushed face in the pillows, tried to think.

Surely it was the unexpected that always happened, and nothing, Daphne thought, could have been less anticipated than the Major’s proposal. The kind old Major, her father’s lifelong friend. Why had *he* asked her to marry him? Why could not a girl’s marriage be arranged suitably in infancy along with her christening and graduation, as a matter of course, without any tangle of circumstances or vexatious laws of attraction?

Daphne sighed as she sat up hot and tumbled. Thinking was such disarranging work! What with the running of one’s fingers through one’s hair, and the puckering of one’s brows, and the racing of one’s mental motor, too, with its consequent crashing of ideas, it was awful. But even tumbled, Daphne was charming, and at all times a heart’s desire.

Now she patted a fractious curl into place, tightened a hair-pin, and widened her big eyes in earnest concentration. The question just must have an answer, and sleeping on things was not Daphne’s way. To-day was as good as to-morrow—better, in fact. So she quickly tidied the “pros” and “cons” into neat rows, and began checking them off by an original mental process. The “pros” ran something like this:

Major: nice, of comfortable age, postmaster, city official, veteran, honorable mention, medals for bravery, etc., etc., moneyed, would no

doubt provide liberally for a wife, give a somewhat envied social position, and go to sleep as per past memory every Sunday morning between the anthem and the last hymn.

Here the "pros" ended abruptly and the "cons" began. But there was only one entry in the "con" row, and it read "Dick." Daphne was ashamed of her heart, but it would quicken. She gave it a sharp mental slap, cowing it into silence, and began again on the "cons."

Dick, yes, there was Dick. Daphne sighed. There *had* been Dick for many moons, yet— What *was* she thinking of? She, Daphne Dean! Where was the family pride, in hiding, while she sat sighing because a man did not speak three little words? Actually wearing her heart on her sleeve, that was what she was doing! The thing simply *must stop*. And yet—and *yet!* What could any girl think, but that a man loved her, when he had given her persistent, undivided attention for two whole years? And Dick *was* a dear. He had such a way of being just where one wanted him.

How easily Daphne recalled, as she swung back and forth this morning in the low hammock behind the vines, just how Dick had looked that day of the sudden shower, as he came swinging up the street with her rain-coat and ridiculous little rubbers! It was nice of Dick to remember she was at Mabel's and to bring her things. Yes, Dick was nice, just the very nicest, and she did wish—oh, dear, she *did wish!* Again she scrambled frantically after the family pride. Two big tears hung on the long lashes.

"He does not love me," said Daphne brokenly. Then she roused herself. No, if the family pride was rusty, it must be gotten out at once and rubbed with fine sand.

"If he wanted me, he would ask me, and as he has not, he does n't." Daphne's reasoning was quite logical to herself. "Perhaps he expects *me* to ask *him*"—with a vicious poke at the hammock pillows. "I shall marry the Major." She sat up suddenly and decidedly. "Yes, I shall. I'll go abroad on my wedding trip, I think, and have a motor in the spring, and—let me see—what else? It's a relief to have it settled." Daphne's thoughts, wandering aimlessly futureward, caught, stopped, turned, and came back; her eyes, journeying out across the sunshine of the garden, grew dream-dipped, and memory, calling softly, touched her hand. That last long walk with Dick through the moonlight and the cool, sweet dark—did she remember? Dick had acted so strangely quiet all the way, with only "yes" and "no" by way of conversation; really, as if he were trying *not* to speak, so it had seemed to her. And the look in his eyes as he left her! If eyes had ever talked, Dick's had, but Dick's lips had only said "Good-night" abruptly, and he had gone striding away.

Something splashed softly on Daphne's small hands, clasped tragically against her throbbing heart.

Suddenly the shrill call of a motor sounded up the road, and the girl sat up. The car came speeding, its yellow wheels powdering the dust in great swerves across its wake, its engine chugging hot defiance. Taking the bend sharply with pounding muffler, the machine beat a rapid course down the hill toward the station, just as the scream of a locomotive cut the still air.

Daphne, springing to her feet, peered between the vines as the car flashed by. Was that Dick in the tonneau? It surely was, and there was a suit-case! What could it mean? Was Dick going—*running* away? It was absurd.

Well, she had no idea of running after him, but he might have been civil enough, at least, to say good-by. Not that it mattered now, of course. She was engaged to the dear old Major, or she would be as soon as she had written that note. She would go in at once and do it. Would Dick care? But that did not matter either, no more than where he went, of course. Oh, dear!

It was Tommy Bates's car. Daphne saw him returning alone at a slower speed up the long hill from the station.

"Close call for Dick!" Tommy shouted as he came up. Daphne was crossing the piazza.

"Yes?" A delicious little icicle of inflection hung on Daphne's accentuation, but it was quite lost on the man.

"Yes." Tommy slowed down. "He just caught the express. Never would, though, if I had not come along. Sudden thing, ain't it, Dick's lightin' out like this? I could n't get a word out of him."

"How should *I* know?" Daphne shrilled after him.

"Oh, I thought you *might*, that's all;" and Tommy's broad mouth widened to a Billiken grin as he peered over his shoulder at her and reached for the second speed.

"Nasty thing!" And Daphne slammed the porch door. "Now I'll write to the Major." This she did on her finest azure stationery, couching her acceptance of his offer of marriage in words of becoming dignity, and addressing the envelope in a firm determined hand to

MAJOR JAMES B. SAUNDERS  
Postmaster  
City

And now to post it! Daphne caught up her shade hat. The nearest letter-box was the station, so she would go there. The letter once mailed, and the matter out of her hands, she would have plenty of time to rearrange a few details, now rather vague. It would all come right, she told herself. The first step was to mail that letter.



And Dick was actually running away from her! Daphne laughed aloud. Well, he might have saved himself the trouble. He was furthest from her thoughts. Why, she was going to marry the——

She had reached the station platform and the letter-box. How nice it felt, how *comfortable*, to be engaged to the dear, sensible Major! Daphne swung the lid of the green mail-clutch, but her letter—it would not drop in. Daphne tried again. No, the box was full to the cover with mail, and Daphne, surprised, made a wedge with her thumb and forefinger, and again thrust her letter forward. As she did so, the writing on the envelope in the box just below her hand caught her eyes and held them, fascinated. It was Dick's writing, *Dick's*, and it was addressed to "Miss Daphne Dean."

Daphne did not hesitate. She tugged at the square white envelope till it came free from the tight mass, pushed the Major's blue one farther in, dropped the lid, and hurried from the platform. Then her nervous fingers tore the envelope, while her heart came beating to her throat.

What had Dick written? A frail excuse, no doubt, for his going, and a friendly good-by. But the burning love words that met her eyes on the white page, as the letter unfolded in her hands, stopped her with a wild, joyous little cry, and left her standing speechless in the middle of the road, the warm sunshine kissing her young face and lighting the waves of soft hair to burnished gold. It was true! It was true!

DAPHNE [the letter read]:

Dearest in all the world! This is a poor way of telling you how I love you, but I have no other just now, and I *must* tell you. I am leaving very suddenly at the direction of the firm to take charge of the new plant, and at a big salary jump. Now I can ask you what has been burning my heart out all these long months: Will you be my wife?

I had nothing before, dear, and I could not ask you to share that, but now——

I will be back in a week, sweetheart, but send me just one little word—and try to love me.

DICK.

Try to love him! *Try* to, when all her heart was going out to him in great waves of love. Dear, precious Dick! And he had not asked her because he had no money! Why, she had never once thought of that. Just like a man! How had she ever compared him to the old Major!

The Major—*why, the Major!* She had written him about something. My goodness me!—she had written the Major that she would marry him, and she had posted the letter! Daphne turned and sped back to the station. In an instant she was before the letter-box and

tugging fiercely, frantically, at a blue-toned envelope. Oh, it was out at last! It was in her hands! The Major would never know. She would write another, a very different note—and she turned again.

"Hi, there! What you takin' letters out of that mail-box for? I seen you from the office window. No use denying; I seen you, I tell you, and you've got 'em both there in your hands now."

With a little startled cry, Daphne turned. The man coming toward her wore a peaked lettered cap. It was the station-agent.

Daphne looked at her hands.

"Why, I—I——" she began. Her tone held the acme of guilt.

"Now, it's no use; I seen yer—both times, too—from the window there." The man's anger blazed. "You're under arrest. Leastwise, you'll come up to the post-office with me. Major Saunders—he'll know what to do with girls as robs the United States mails. Come along."

He waved her forward. Two small boys came running from the far end of the platform, grinning and staring. There would be a crowd, Daphne thought in quick horror. She turned and followed the lettered cap; there seemed nothing else to do. She did not know exactly how she was to explain to the Major, but of course he would make it all right. It was so foolish. They were both her letters, but she would not lower herself to speak to this person. The Major would understand.

They had reached the post-office, the station-agent in advance. "The private office," she heard him say, and then a heavy door marked "No Admittance" swung wide, closed, and only the space of a great table, piled high with scattered papers, lay between Daphne Dean and Major James B. Saunders, Postmaster. The pleased smile on the Major's face as he rose in greeting turned suddenly to grave surprise. The station-agent did not mince words.

"She puts in the blue, and she pulls out the white; then she comes back and takes the blue. She's got 'em both in her hands now. Don't try to cover 'em up behind you. We see yer."

"I'm not!" Daphne's rage was choking her. She took a step forward. She must speak!

But the Major had raised his hand. "Kindly place those letters face down on the table," he said. It was surely the Major speaking, but his voice had a strangely unfamiliar sound.

Again he pointed. Daphne stepped forward mechanically. Her wits seemed still beyond her control. It had all come so suddenly, this rough man with his threats of arrest. Daphne laid the two letters, the blue and the white, side by side, face down on the table rim.

"I've got to get back for that next train, Major," the station-man was saying. "Suppose you can settle this all right without me, Post-

master? You know where to get me if I'm needed." The great door swung again and closed loudly at the Major's hurried acquiescence. They were alone. Daphne, with a sharp breath of relief, turned quickly with outstretched hand, and began to speak. But the expression of the Major's eyes as they met hers from across the great table checked her midway.

"Now you will be seated, Miss Dean." Defense claimed her first thought, then she found herself obeying, sinking into the nearest chair. But again, quick anger at her position and his apparent censure swept her, and she hurled sudden speech upon him; angry, hot, and measureless; the hurried words tripping her tongue, her eyes ablaze in outrage.

"There is no reason why you and that man should make such a mountain out of a mole-hill. What right had he to speak to me as he did, I should like to know; and you let him, too! Why, he said he'd—he'd have me *arrested*, Major Saunders! I tell you, those letters are both mine. I——"

"One moment. Did you mail them both?"

"Yes—that is, one, I did."

"How did you get the other?"

"Why, I—why, I just took it. It was——"

"Yes, you took it out of the United States mail-box after it had been put there by another's hand. This is a pretty serious charge, Miss Dean. Frankly, it's a State's Prison offense."

Daphne stared.

"Now what have you to say. One of those letters is open. Did you open it?"

"Yes"—faintly.

"Is that the one you mailed?"

No answer. The Major cleared his throat.

"I repeat, Miss Dean, is that opened letter the one you mailed?"

Daphne was very white.

"No."

"Then you also opened another's mail."

"Yes—no—that is——" Daphne's voice broke. "The letter belongs to me, Major Saunders. It's for me—it's mine." There were quick tears in the blue eyes. Did he see them?

"You have not only robbed the United States mail, but you have opened the mail. Whom is that letter to, and what does it contain?"

"It's to me, Major Saunders—it's mine," Daphne reiterated. "I saw my name on the envelope, and I knew the writing, so I took it. I can't see anything to make such a fuss over. The letter was from a friend."

"From a friend." The Major leaned a little forward. "Will you—let me see that letter, Daphne?"

"I will not." Daphne's cheeks wore danger signals.

"No?"

"No." But her eyes did not meet the pair across the table.

For a moment there was deep stillness in the big room. Suddenly Daphne reached for the white envelope and tore it fiercely into tiny pieces. Looking quickly about, she tossed the fragments toward the wide waste-basket. They struck midway, scattering on the bare floor.

"There!" she said. "That's all there is to that. Wait till I tell my father how you've treated me to-day!"

"So you have destroyed the letter, Miss Dean"—it was the Major's even voice again—"and you refuse to tell me of the contents or the sender."

"Oh, as to that," flashed Daphne, "it was from Dick—from Mr. Dick Atherson. I suppose you know him."

"Yes, and you must have been very anxious to read that letter, Miss Dean, to risk arrest for its perusal—very anxious." Oh, if the Major's voice would only drop that even, icy tone! It was maddening.

A sudden rousing, a quick squaring of the broad shoulders, and the Major's firm hand went out over the blue envelope on the table.

Daphne was beside him in an instant.

"No, no!" she cried, all the pleading of her life in voice and eyes. "Don't read it, Major Saunders—please don't read it! I'll do anything you say if you won't read that letter."

"That is better"—the Major's voice and face relaxed. "But one moment: I believe you first mailed and then withdrew this letter." Again his eyes were searching her face. Daphne had no answer.

With a quick turn of his hand, the letter lay face upward between them. For a long moment the silence beat across the big room. Then the Major's cold voice again:

"You had changed your mind, Miss Dean, I believe, about the contents of that letter." Another wait, then:

"May I ask one question? Does this letter contain an acceptance or a refusal of the proposal I made you this morning?"

No answer.

Again the Major's fingers twitched toward the envelope. Daphne's clutched; their hands interlocked.

Trembling, almost sobbing, Daphne's hold tightened. Words came incoherently—beggings, pleadings, beseechings.

"Oh, if you won't—if you only won't read that letter! I'll do anything you say, Major Saunders—*anything!* I'll—I'll *even promise to marry you!*"

"Ah!" The single syllable hissed itself from between the Major's strained lips. His eyes narrowed, and with a push of his chair from the table he got to his feet.

"You would promise to marry me!" he said thickly.

"Yes, yes, anything," began Daphne.

"Anything!"—the Major's voice echoed hers. He turned to the wide window, his hands clenched behind him.

Daphne watched him. She could not speak. There was something in the bearing of the broad back of the man turned upon her that was as expressive in its command for silence as speech could have been. She could not see his face, his eyes. She could not know that they had fallen, first to the floor, then to the scattered bits of paper near the basket's rim. A bold young hand lay there; it was easily read. The Major's eyes dulled, but remained upon a single torn sentence—

"Will you . . . wife?"

Another moment of deep, unbroken stillness in the bare room, then the Major turned. He crossed to the great table, and took out a fresh pen. He did not look at Daphne. His eyes travelled dully from the pen to the table, to her dress, and slowly to her upturned face; swiftly the fingers of his left hand sought and rested beneath his coat-lapel, where a worn bronze medal hid, inscribed to one James B. Saunders, for bravery in the field. Catching up the pen, he dipped it deeply in the massive ink-well and thrust it at Daphne.

"Now write," he said. "Write what I tell you." He pushed a sheet of paper across the table.

"Write?" Daphne's voice was faint with surprise.

"Yes, write to Mr. Dick Atherson."

"But I don't want to!" cried Daphne. The tears were very near now; they showed, they hung, they splashed down on the white paper.

The Major snorted; his fist fell with a pounding crash on the great table, splashing the ink.

"Write!" he shouted. "Write what I tell you, or by—*by ginger*, I'll send you to prison!"

Daphne screamed. The pen dropped, smearing a big blot. The Major caught it up.

"Well, you can take your choice—take your choice. Either you write what I tell you and sign your name, or I'll take you over to the Court House in less than ten minutes." The Major pulled out a big silver watch.

Daphne's sobbing was the only sound. "One minute," said the Major; "two minutes; three. Are you going to write? Four!"

"Oh, you are a terrible man!" Daphne was swaying in the big chair. "Five," said the Major's voice; "six." Daphne closed her eyes.

"Seven; eight!"

"Oh, yes, yes!" Daphne groped blindly for the pen. "Yes, Major Saunders, I'll do it. I just can't go to prison!"



"There, that's better." The Major's stern face relaxed. "Now write what I tell you. Write, 'Yes'!"

"'Yes'?"—Daphne's voice achieved the very highest pitch of astonishment.

"That's what I said. Write 'Yes,' and sign your name."

"Oh, Major Saunders!" Daphne's voice wavered weakly between a laugh and a sob. "Dear Major Saunders!" She flew around the table to him, and threw her arms about his neck. "How did you know? How did you ever guess?"

The Major drew aside. There was a strange look on the hard lined face.

"Write," he said again, softly.

"'Yes,'" wrote Daphne.

"Sign your name. . . . Give it to me."

"To you?"

"Yes."

Daphne passed the sheet.

The Major glanced at it critically, then he dipped a pen. "Witnessed," he wrote at the left corner of the page, and, after it, "James B. Saunders, Postmaster."

"Whatever did you do that for?" Daphne's big eyes widened in wonder. The Major calmly folded the sheet and selected an envelope.

"Well, you might change your mind again, my dear young lady," he said slowly. "I have witnessed your signature to this document; it is therefore legal and binding. This safeguards Mr. Atherson, you understand."

Daphne stared. What a funny, funny man! The Major met her eyes squarely and long. It was Daphne who laughed.

"The address, please. I presume you know it." The irony in the old voice was lost upon Daphne. She caught up the pen.

"Thank you, and now if you will be good enough to excuse me——" The Major rose, glancing at his watch. Daphne jumped up. "The letter," she said, holding out her hand.

The Major's old eyes bent quietly down upon her. How square his shoulders were! Daphne remembered something her father had told of this man's war days—of his calmness under fire. Why did she recall it now?

"The letter," she repeated, smiling.

"I will attend to its mailing, Miss Dean. As I said before, this is a State, not a personal, matter, you understand, and under my jurisdiction, as postmaster. I stand responsible for this document."

A meaningless laugh from Daphne. She did not understand at all, but the Major could be trusted, she was sure of that now, and, besides, she knew he would not give her the letter. She turned toward the door.

"I'll go, Major Saunders," she said.

"I wish you a very good morning." The Major's voice was rigid. Daphne reached the door. There was no sound in the long room save a clock's soft ticking and the touch of her dress against the panelling. Daphne turned the great knob. She did not look back.

Suddenly a wave of understanding struck and surged across her inner consciousness, and sent her breathless hanging to the great knob. She turned slowly, her back against the door, and stared with strange eyes at the Major, standing stiffly where she had left him. The sunshine from the wide window shot a sudden glint of bronze from beneath the worn coat. Daphne came slowly back to the big table. The Major's eyes followed her and narrowed, but he did not move. Her own brown ones lifted to his set face. She heard her voice, as from a great distance, touched with tears and breaking a little.

"I hope, Major Saunders, I—I hope I have not made a mistake." Again the stillness. The Major stood squarely, inflexible. Then his eyes held Daphne's an instant searchingly. The breath of a smile twisted across his face, and settled stiffly at the mouth- corners.

He glanced down at the sealed letter in his hand. An electric bell buzzed somewhere in the big building.

"Take this," he said to the boy who came. "See that it gets in the next mail."

The door banged.

"I believe that is all;" it was again the Major's even voice.

Daphne drew a sharp breath. She turned and went out through the door with the great knob, into the morning sunshine.



## "MAGNAS NUGAS"

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

WE dream of subjects worthy of our pen,  
Vast as the welkin, varied as the seas;  
Of visions that shall storm the world of men—  
Yet Virgil sang of bees.

We pray for inspiration to have birth  
Within our souls; to clarify our dark  
With fancies unidentified with earth—  
Yet Shelley wooed the lark.

# FRED AND I

*By M. Kellogg*

IT is a popular belief that a college love-affair is a tide that rises during the Sophomore year, is at flood in the Junior, and ebbs with the Senior; but Fred and I stood together at our last commencement and saw the waves still coming in, and looked out at sea and wished the tide would have a turning; for we were engaged—trustingly engaged—but too poor to marry and study more; too ambitious to marry and give up studying. Fred was wild for a doctor's degree; while music and Fred were my twin loves—I wanted all of both.

Then that glorious Providence that guards lovers interposed. Fred's only rich uncle was gathered to the bosom of his fathers just after our cap and gown festivities, and, having no further use for his thousands, generously left them to those of his own flesh and blood who had tactfully "stood in" with the old gentleman prior to his promotion. Thus it was that Fred, never having given offense, was remembered in a modest way.

I shall never forget how radiantly happy he was as he rushed into the living-room where I was belaboring the piano, and kissed me before Mother could discreetly withdraw; then, without making any pretense of grief at the loss of a dear relative, told me in a voice that he kept "on tap" for inter-society debates, that he was now worth six thousand dollars, and that we were going to be married right away and going to Leipzig to study.

I felt that it would be unmaidenly to yell, but the pressure was too great for safety, so I dashed off a scale with my right hand, chased another one from the bass end of the piano with my left, struck a few staccato chords before I pounced down upon the tonic; then, wheeling around on the stool, I faced Fred, who had made an isosceles triangle of his legs, hung his thumbs in his trousers pockets, and was awaiting something highly appropriate from me.

"What do you say?" he asked.

"I say, goody!" and, turning him around on his heel, I spun him to the couch, pushed him down among the cushions, and, mounting guard, demanded that the subject be discussed becomingly. I reminded him in the meantime that he was the son of an Old School Presbyterian

minister; that he was by nature and training very religious; that from his private-tutor days up to the present time he had written compositions, themes, and theses on reverence for things holy, respect for the dead, observation of the Sabbath, and many other archaic virtues; and now at this great crisis all this stored wisdom should bear fruit.

The wedding day came, and I am truly thankful that, as a rule, the marriage vows need be taken but once, for in all my life I have never felt such a commingling of emotions—laughter and tears and fears and a great solemnity—alien guest of my bosom—all vying for mastery.

Fred's father performed the ceremony, and a big sob got in his throat, and there we stood only half married, while he coughed, wiped his spectacles, and blew his nose; then came the reign of rice—and it did rain—followed by the distracting good-byes at the pier. The weightiness of my mother-in-law's farewell was almost too much for the gangplank. I patted her shoulder and felt awkward, while she, with her dear old fond eyes full of tears, told me that now she was trusting her "darling boy" to me, and begged that I pray earnestly each day lest I be a hindrance to his spiritual development.

Oh, it was enough to give stony Atlas nervous prostration, or to make an infidel out of Saint Cecilia! I mutely wondered if every wife in the world felt that she had her husband's soul tied up in her pocket handkerchief and was carrying it either to heaven or to hell.

It will always be a mystery to me, any way, how Fred's electrical circle and mine ever happened to coincide. Fred has piety down to an artist's touch, but to me introspection brings despair. My hair will always be tousled, my vocabulary weedy with slang, and my record for all much-admired feminine virtues an utter blank.

But, despite it all, I feel sure that there is no mistake about the coincidence of those circles, for our love was properly tested.

Once when we were Juniors we quarrelled, and I told Fred that I thought marriage was little short of serfdom to a woman of my artistic temperament, and disinterestedly advised him to seek a mate that would be more in keeping with his mother's ideas of what a wife should be.

Fred walked the bridge over the creek by the athletic field all the rest of the night; the next day he flunked in Greek and went home and told his mother all about it, vowing he was going to leave college.

Fred's mother came to see me, and wanted me to go home with her and make up, but I was n't dressed. I'd cut everything and gone to bed for a good, all day's cry. . . . But I'm digressing. My story is a post-nuptial one.

In Leipzig we went into *pension*, and Fred actually stood for those embryonic breakfasts. He ate and murmured not, although I knew every fibre in his being yearned for ham and eggs. How I loved him, and how I wished I could get him just one good hot breakfast!

He tried to study in the room where I practised, steadfastly maintaining that noise did n't bother him. But what was the use? I'd practise ten minutes, then think of something that I just must tell him, and, of course, I could n't shout at him from the piano-stool, so I'd go and sit in his lap while confidences were exchanged. We put up with each other for two happy, profitless weeks, then, as things seemed to be going from bad to worse, and we were wasting precious time and still more precious money, we drew up and signed a document of mutual banishment during work hours. Fred fled to the library, and I banged six long hours every day in our room.

After work hours came the concerts, and I tried to find in them all the joy that anticipation had put in store for me. Sunday morning we went to church; Sunday afternoon, to "places of historical interest."

We often went to the operas, but, sad to relate, the "stars" all seemed to sing on Sunday night. I expressed not a wish to go. My newly acquired mother's parting words were as heavy upon me as the pitcher of tears that some one—I don't remember who—was forced to carry around Paradise.

But that did n't tame my desires, for had n't I spent hours of my girlhood dreaming of this new world in the old world, and hoped when I hardly dared hope during those long student years in America for just such a chance as this? And now when it had come, I was letting it pass me by, and all because I had married a pious man, and because a mother-in-law could n't kiss a girl good-by without talking a lot of rot to make her conscience thin-skinned enough to freckle at a naughty thought!

One day at the "Con" I passed a group of Russian students talking as only Russians can, and I caught the name "Caruso." Farther down the hall, I met two Frenchmen conversing and gesticulating in a manner vehement enough to have befitted the announcement of Napoleon's resurrection from the dead, and again I heard the name of the famous tenor. When I entered the room where the English-speaking students did Counterpoint for "Herr Professor," I was greeted with the words:

"Are you going to hear Caruso?"

"Sure thing," I replied. "When and where?"

"He's on his way to New York, and will sing in 'Aïda' here Sunday night."

"Sunday night!" I did n't get any further; just added an exclamation-point and quit.

But all the time during that hour's recitation, while Herr Professor was talking about themes and counter-themes, I sat there and said, "Sunday night," over to myself and wished that I was brave enough to swear.



New York was as far from me in America as it was from me in Germany, and if I did n't get to hear Caruso then, I might never hear him!

By the time I had reached our *pension*, the desire to hear Caruso sing had grown so big that I did n't see how I was going to get into the house with it. When I reached our room, there sat Fred patiently digging after the root of some old Greek verb—Fred's mind is as glutinous as a silkworm. I wanted to pull his hair, I was in such a nasty humor; and he seemed strangely silent and preoccupied. I went to the piano and began practising for dear life: something had to be done to relieve my feelings, for in case of a domestic crisis Fred might have given in to keep the peace, and then his poor lost soul would have been charged up to me.

The next day was Saturday, and I went up-town. On the car, coming back, I met Mrs. O'Larie, a little Irish friend of mine.

"Of course you'll go to hear Caruso?" she asked.

I just told her my woeful little story—how I did n't think it a bit wrong myself, but that I knew Fred did, and I did n't want to tempt him to go against his conscience.

Mrs. O'Larie showed a practical compassion.

"You come and have tea with me Sunday afternoon. We'll go together, and he need know nothing about it. Tell him that I'll bring you home, and for him not to worry about you. Of course," she added, "we'll have to take *steh-platz*, for the seats were sold long ago."

Go! Of course I'd go! Forgiveness of sins might be sought and found at home, but grand opera, never!

Sunday afternoon, just before leaving, I said:

"Fred, you would n't care to go with me to Mrs. O'Larie's for tea, would you?"—I had his opera-glasses under my cloak.

He marked with his first finger the sentence he was reading in "The History of the Early Protestant Churches," and raised his eyes.

"No, thank you, dear. I promised to meet a friend in the library; and—listen—I may be a little late. You won't mind, will you?"

I told him, "Not a mite," and, feeling like a reincarnation of Judas Iscariot, kissed him good-by and hurried down the stairs.

When we reached the theatre the house had already been darkened and the orchestra was playing the overture. We slipped in as quietly as possible, for it does make a German mad to be jostled from his listening pose. Everywhere was crowded, but a gentleman good-naturedly moved a little and made room for me, Mrs. O'Larie, meanwhile, finding a little nook on the other side of the passageway.

When Caruso's first solo was finished, I drew a long, contented sigh, and impulsively turned to the gentleman who had shared his place with me, to give verbal vent to my happiness. The gentleman had just as

instinctively turned to me for the same purpose, and in the dim light of *dritte Ring* I recognized Fred!

He said, "You here!"

I said, "Oh, Fred, how could you!" and a German on either side of us hissed.

We did n't speak another word during the performance. Fred found me a good place to lean, and I loaned him his opera-glasses.

*Aida* and *Rhadames* died in each other's arms; the curtain went up and down for the last time; then the lights came on, and we blinkingly hunted our *garde-robe* tickets and Mrs. O'Larie.

The latter took in the situation at a glance, and tactfully found it more convenient to wait with some friends for the next car.

Fred and I had a long talk that night, while I sat on his knee and brushed and braided my hair. He told me how much he had wanted to go to those operas, but that my mother had made him promise always to set a good example for me, saying that she had given him her careless little "tom-boy" for a wife, and trusted him to make of her a noble, Christian woman. Fancy my mother talking such stuff to Fred! I felt two big tears coming when I thought how far away she was and how many years she had worried over my sins.

At the conclusion of the diet, I said:

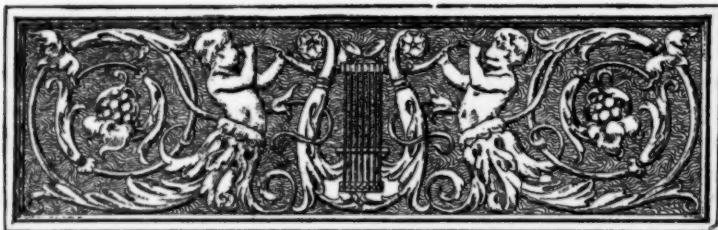
"Fred dear, don't you think that we should get a little looser technique to our religion so to speak? Our spiritual natures will be worn worse than the Grand Banks, if this continues."

Fred laughed and pulled my pigtails.

"Not while there are so many mothers-in-law in the family, little girl. It would n't do. But let's incorporate, and when we go a-sinning, let it be together."

I finished my bed-time toilet, and turned from the glass to find Fred devoutly saying his prayers. Tiptoeing to him, I slipped both arms around his neck.

"Put in a good word for me, sweetheart," I whispered; then, hopping into the middle of my own little German bed, I snuggled down in the feathers.



# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING SIGHTLESS

*By Carolyn Wells*

THE outer office of the great oculist was a large and pleasant room. True, there was not much beauty of furnishing, but why should there be, since the patients who came could see but imperfectly, if at all?

So, if the Rogers Group was chipped here and there, or if the magazines were two or three months behind date, it mattered not to those who came to consult the oculist.

In this office, or parlor, two patients sat waiting their turn. One was a beautiful woman, of a large, classic type. She sat quietly, with a calm expression on her handsome face, though her eyes were totally concealed by a broad, thick bandage. The other was a small boy. His eyes were not concealed, and though they were clear and wide open, it was easily discerned, from their blank, vacant stare, that the boy was stone blind. A soft, pretty little fellow, with rosy cheeks and curly hair, he was restless and impatient, fidgeting in his chair as he waited.

"Do you hope for help?" he asked of his companion.

"No, I cannot say that I do. I'm not blind, you know, but I have to wear this thick bandage because of various complications that affect my eyes. I feel sure those conditions cannot be corrected, so I shall continue to keep my eyes protected. I'm certain no oculist can help me, but, having heard so much of this man's skill, I decided to consult him. And you—do you expect any real assistance?"

"No, I don't," said the boy frankly, as he shook his curly head. "You see, I've been blind from birth, and my case is hopeless. But, as you say, I thought I'd have a chance at it. However, I don't care much. If I weren't blind, I'd get into a jolly lot of trouble that, as it is, I escape. And I expect you would, too."

"Yes," said the woman, and her beautiful Greek mouth curved up a little at the corners; "I dare say I should. I have to shield my eyes from distracting influences, or I might become as foolish as you are."

The boy smiled, too. "I wish we were more congenial," he said.

"You don't really wish it," said the woman, now smiling broadly. "You know we are innately incompatible, and you are glad of it. If you could see, even a little, you might appreciate my importance."

"Then I'm glad I can't see!" exclaimed the boy petulantly. "You are cold and hard and domineering. You don't know what love means."

"That is true," returned the other, "and I dare not throw off my bandage and look about me, lest I find out. I would not want to be like you! You are impulsive, irresponsible, and unjust."

"Yes," said the boy complacently; "I am. And I wish to remain so. I think I shall not consult the great oculist, after all. I fear he might prove successful."

Picking up some paraphernalia which he had thrown down when he entered, he slung it over his shoulder and skipped gaily away.

"He is right," said the woman to herself. "The oculist might advise me to discard this bandage, and then my lifework would be spoiled. I shall not consult him."

A clanking of brass chains sounded as she picked up her own burden, and, with her bandage in place across her eyes and her precious scales held at arm's length, she walked majestically away.

For the name of the beautiful woman was Justice, and the laughing boy was Love.



## THE MAID OF THE GHETTO

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

SAD eyes and dark she bends upon the throng,  
Man's exile and Earth's alien in all lands!  
Her ears drink up the street's tempestuous song,  
And all its currents lave her where she stands.  
Not Time nor Place shall rob her of her dower,  
For rooted in her long remembrance dwell  
The days of glory and the realms of power,  
The temples and the tribes of Israel.

Not this crushed, driven multitude she sees,  
But priests and patriarchs that chant their psalms;  
Not these stark walls of brick, but, all at ease,  
Her white-robed sisters by the springs and palms.  
And phantoms out of ancient days returning,  
Light up the amber vastness of her land;  
Oblivious to this stygian asphalt burning,  
Her feet are cool on Jordan's silver sand.

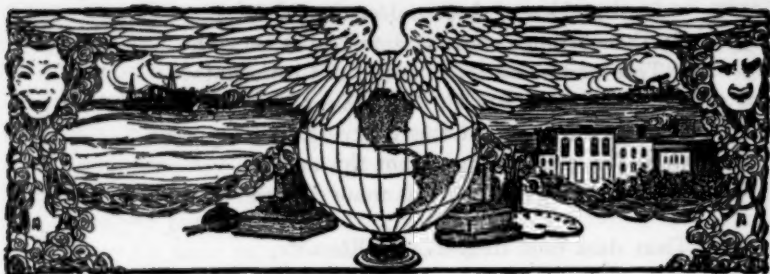
Disparted long and reft from Palestine,  
Lorn maiden of Judæa, dost thou wait  
By these strange walls of ages reared between  
Thee and some lover sealed and consecrate?  
Dost thou seek here his face amidst these faces,  
His form from out this hurrying, sullen press,  
Or is thy mystic longing but thy race's—  
Thou living statue of its mute distress?

Thou dusk-eyed daughter to Eternity,  
Thou standest in the Visible and Now;  
The Past hath locked its mystery in thee,  
And Orient suns have rolled athwart thy brow.  
Thy face foreshadows fruitful generations,  
O nymph of Jewry from the iron lands!—  
Art thou some Esther in the house of nations,—  
Some Judith with a falchion in her hands?

Young sibyl laden with thy nation's fate,  
Speak! what prophetic visions arch thy sight?  
What portents to foretell the dim estate  
Of Israel steeped in shadow or in light?  
Must Zion seek some ancient realm outsingled  
By Siddim's holy vale or Sharon's strand,—  
Or race with race of western strains commingled,  
'Stablish its star above this Promised Land?







## WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND  
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

### DESTINY IN ACTION

THE United States is marching steadily, though unwillingly, toward a dominion over the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico such as no nation has held over a similar body of water since the Mediterranean was a Roman Lake.

The keys of the Gulf and the Caribbean are the Isthmus of Panama and the West Indian Islands.

The Isthmus—at least, the most important portion of the Isthmus—is ours. Congress, in a lucid interval for which the country cannot be too grateful, provided the money at least to begin the fortification of the Big Ditch. To appreciate this one element in our grip on the waters of the south, we need only to imagine a fortified Panama canal in the possession of a possible enemy. Any nation planning war with us would sacrifice an army corps and many a battleship to gain such an advantage.

And the islands, one by one, are coming under our sway, or within the sphere of our influence.

Porto Rico is under our flag. The American customs officials keep the only order in that benighted chaos which is marked on the maps as Haiti. On the same island, the border wars between San Domingo and Haiti have been checked by the peremptory order of the American State Department. The condition of Cuba can mean only ultimate annexation to the United States. Probably we shall have to take Haiti in hand next. Almost certainly we shall end by buying the Dutch and Danish West Indian islands to keep them from falling into the hands of European competitors.

It is our doom, our destiny. Not wholly a happy one; for we do not possess either the character or the political organization to make colonizing come easily. But little by little, and of late years much by much, we have been compelled to straighten out the tangles of the Caribbean in the only practicable way.

It is a tremendous task, not lightly to be undertaken even by a nation as rich in energy and wealth as our own. But so far as we have gone, we have done well. The Panama Canal speaks for itself; but the banishing of yellow fever from Cuba and the Isthmus is a greater and more splendid feat than the digging of the canal. We have banished likewise the *reconcentrado* camp and the military executions at sunrise. Some day perhaps we shall stamp out the grosser manifestations of voodooism on another island.

Whatever may be said of our intrusion into the affairs of another continent, here at least is a White Man's Burden from which we cannot hope to escape. The stars in their courses have marked out our path; and, hang back and grumble as we may, in our heart of hearts we know we shall follow the stars.

GEORGE L. KNAPP

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## THE PASSING OF THE GENTLEWOMAN

A COMPOSITE picture of pen portraits of the gentlewoman as presented by the writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries gives us a woman who is at once capable and gentle, versed in the art of the drawing-room as well as in the business of running a household; yet interested in the making of history in her day, often a helpmate to a maker of history, always wielding her influence through the appeal of her womanhood as best expressed in her home. A picture, in short, wherein our militant sister would by no chance recognize herself.

Of course, our aggressive sister declares that the gentlewoman bought the price of peace too dearly, at the cost of her individuality, of the right to develop her mind along the same lines as man's, of the privilege of a larger arena than the home in which to display her prowess. To dispute this would lead us into one of the trite suffrage arguments which we are hearing on every side.

What we wish to know is whether the passing of the gentlewoman will mean the passing of the home. Our progressive sister, member of half a dozen clubs, emphatically declares "no." She, so she asserts, runs her home on a strictly scientific basis. It is sanitary and well-regulated, the meals are wholesome and well-cooked, and the children are hygienically cared for, which, she further declares, is more than could always be

said of the gentlewoman's home, meals, or children. To many this remarkable description may sound more like that of a hospital than that of a home. There is every reason why a home should be sanitary and well-regulated, why meals should be wholesome and well-cooked, and children hygienically cared for—but does it not take more than this to make a home?

The first step towards civilization that a savage takes is when he builds a home; the next step is when he realizes that the woman he places there is to be protected and provided for by him. To insure the rights of the home he founds the state, and thus upward through the growth of nations the family always remains the unit. And families are not begot or reared in the market-place. Moreover, science cannot foster those ideals which have maintained the unity of the family. Science has helped in the begetting and rearing of children, in the safeguarding of health, in the lessening of household drudgery, but science is never more than the mechanical process. The motive power must always be love, and the mainspring of love, woman.

In our disdain of the past, we permit ourselves to think of the gentlewoman only as a frail, timid creature, spending her days in the embroidering of tidies and the painting of china. But if, with a mind cleared of prejudice, we study these women of a passing generation in their relation to the big things of life, we shall unfailingly realize that it was the ideals which they held before their menfolk that have made life to-day so much easier to live.

NANNA E. FRANK

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### SUCCESS

“ALL things come to him who waits.” How easy! This is the only known royal road to success. It is an old and time-tried maxim and has received important, if only partial, confirmation in the words of a classical somebody-or-other who said: “They also serve who only stand and wait.” Of course they serve themselves. In neither case is the reference to the attentive, aproned individual one meets in a restaurant, who, although a great many things come to him, by no means fills the proverbial bill. The reference is a great deal too profound to admit of such a cheap pun, as it applies solely to the infinitude of inactivity.

The difficulty, in this strenuous age, of establishing this most attractive doctrine of standing around, lies entirely in inducing people to wait long enough to listen to it. On the other hand, its beauty lies in its extreme simplicity. Absolutely unequivocal, there is no possibility of misunderstanding it. Manifestly, all one has to do is to sit or lie or stand or loll idly about and simply wait.

But while the adage with its pregnant meaning is perfectly clear to us philosophers who are able to grasp even the most incomprehensible things, and to us pragmatists who are thoroughly versed in the intricacies of old thought, new thought, and frayed thought, it might have been better had the advocates of this easy money, this inactive Utopia, this *status quo*, elaborated it somewhat for the benefit of *hoi polloi*. Furthermore, it should be remembered that this is a democracy, and that the politicians have made us exceedingly chary and gun-shy of glittering generalities.

The average unintelligent individual may master the concept that if he waits, somehow he will be handed, not a lemon or any other thing or series of things, but all things. But would n't he have taken greater interest had we described minutely the animate something or somebody who would convey to him the inanimate everything? Needless to say. It might even have been advisable to schedule the character of the conveyance, how long he would have to wait, etc., etc.

And then, if the average unintelligent individual still refused to heed this omnipotent truth and insisted upon hustling, we could triumphantly play our trump card by picturing to him the beauties of its final realization. Just think of it! We would not even have to climb golden stairs or strum the harp; just every one grandly and nobly waiting and all things coming to all men. All things to all men is not a new idea, but it is a magnificent one. Why should we continue our present trite practice of all things to a few men and nothing for the rest of us? Nay, nay, let us wait.

Moreover, let the teachers and the editors and the progressives and the conservatives and the individualists and the socialists take the matter up without delay, that is, without waiting. Let them realize this pragmatic message once for all, that we can only progress by standing still. Let us then be up and doing.

ELLIS O. JONES

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## BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

RECENT experiments in the histological and physiological laboratories of the Johns Hopkins Medical School have produced many remarkable results which go to show that there is an intermediate stage between life and death. That life in many organisms may be suspended by freezing in liquid air, and by other processes resuscitated after weeks or even months, formed the basis of the theory of a Northern scientist that he could resuscitate the bodies of Captain Scott and his companions, who reached the South Pole. While this theory is not credited by scientists, it cannot be doubted that the process is really being accomplished on a much smaller scale here.

An inspection of the laboratories where these experiments are being daily repeated brings to light accomplishments of which the general public seldom dreams. Laymen at once think of the breathing organism, with its beating heart and its perceptions of the outer world, in contrast to the cold, rigid, unconscious form in which the pulsations of the heart have ceased forever. But, as is proven during an inspection of these laboratories and their specimens, there may exist, either theoretically or actually, in these apparently dead organisms, phases of depressed vitality so closely resembling death as to be indistinguishable from it.

There is a state known as "latent life," for the organisms, having enormous powers of resisting conditions that tend to death. Bacteria of various diseases are seen in the laboratory, frozen at a temperature of liquid air, of 260 degrees Fahrenheit. They do not die, as a rule, and often survive so extremely drastic a procedure as this and retain their specific vital pathogenic characteristics.

There are instances where such cold-blooded animals as frogs and rats, snails and fish, have their lives suspended by this freezing process, sometimes so thoroughly that their intestines can be taken out *en masse*, and yet on being "thawed out" after a period of weeks revive most actively. These animals are perfectly normal when placed in a refrigerating jar just large enough to hold one animal. The jar is filled with liquid air at a certain temperature, and after a short time the animals appear lifeless. A month later they are removed, and on being massaged show signs of life.

In the warm-blooded animals, even man himself, one does not find such instances of suppression of vitality as in the case of lower organisms, creatures with more sluggish and therefore less easily deranged metabolism. The interesting inference from all these cases of latent life or suspended animation is that, though vitality cannot be said to have vanished, yet the organism during all that time is not taking food, oxygen, or water, it is not giving out carbon dioxide or water or other chemical results of life. It is not moving of its own volition, and in the higher animals both the cardiac and respiratory activities are in abeyance.

Recently some very interesting and successful efforts were made in the medical school to revive the apparently dead heart of the animal. In about five cases out of ten the heart of a chicken took on renewed energy several hours after death. Immediately after death the heart was frozen and preserved. A few hours later it was resuscitated by massage.

From these experiments no claim is made that after death life can be restored, but in many instances which life is thought to be extinct it is only masked, and it remains for the scientists to discover through experiment whether they are dealing with death itself or with latent life.

LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A.B., M.A., M.D.



# UNSCRAMBLING THE UNION- PACIFIC-SOUTHERN- PACIFIC EGG

*By Edward Sherwood Mead, Ph.D.*

WHEN the decision of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil case was announced, by which the corporation was ordered to dissolve the illegal combination in restraint of trade which it had maintained since 1899, a prominent financier, who spoke but seldom but always to the point, asked the question, "How can you unscramble an egg?" A number of large holding company combinations which have fallen under the ban of the Sherman Anti-Trust law have since been engaged in answering that question.

Various methods have been adopted. The Standard Oil Company had 32 subsidiary corporations. The stock of each one of these companies it held in its treasury. Its own stock was \$100,000,000; 10,000,000 shares. In order to distribute these subsidiary company stocks to its own share-holders, thus divesting itself of all control over these companies, it was decided to give to the holder of each share of stock in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey a certificate of stock in each of the 32 subsidiary companies, which certificate should set forth that the holder, say, of 100 shares of Standard Oil Company stock was entitled to share in the stock of Subsidiary Company A, capital stock

\$10,000,000,  $100 \times \frac{100}{10.0}$  or 10 shares. In the same manner, the stocks

of the other subsidiary companies would be parcelled out. Since the subsidiary companies' stocks were for a variety of odd amounts, the results of this method of distribution were in some cases very large fractions, which made computations of principal and interest very confusing.

The American Tobacco Company took a different method. In aid of its dissolution there were formed two large companies, and several smaller companies already in existence were utilized. These companies, with their bonds and stocks, bought most of the property of the American Tobacco Company. The American Tobacco Company,

which still retained enough assets to make it the largest single factor in the trade, next distributed the bonds and stocks received from these sales, together with other treasury securities representing the control of companies, which under the order of the Supreme Court it could no longer control, to its own stockholders in the form of special dividends.

Neither method of dissolution was satisfactory to any but those directly interested. Mr. Wickersham, then attorney-general, sustained some severe criticism because it was claimed the plan of dissolution which he had approved left the same people in control of the separate companies that had formerly controlled the consolidations. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, for example, before the Standard Oil Company distributed the stocks of its 32 subsidiaries, controlled 25 per cent. of the stock of the Standard Oil Company before the dissolution, and after the distribution of the subsidiary stocks Mr. Rockefeller held 25 per cent. of the stock of each one. The practical effect of the dissolution, therefore, in the opinion of these critics, among whom the present attorney-general was conspicuous, was to substitute for the illegal combination in restraint of trade maintained by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, another combination, equally illegal, composed of Messrs. John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Archbold, Flagler, Pratt, *et al.* This criticism, it was brought out in litigation connected with a contest for control of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, was well founded. In this affair, the stock of large Standard Oil stockholders in the Waters-Pierce Company was voted as a unit for directors opposed to the Pierce management. The only visible effect of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company has been an immense increase in the values of the stocks of its former subsidiaries. Oil prices have not been reduced; the consumer has been in no way benefited.

The Department of Justice has profited by this criticism, for a part of which, as already stated, the present head of the department was responsible. When the Supreme Court declared this year that the holding of a controlling interest in the Southern Pacific Company by the Oregon Short Line, a subsidiary of the Union Pacific, constituted an illegal combination in restraint of trade under the Sherman law, between the Union and Southern Pacific, and ordered the combination to be broken up, the attorney-general took an active part in the proceedings. As a result of his opposition, several promising plans were laid aside. It was first proposed to sell the Southern Pacific stock of the Union Pacific to the Union Pacific stockholders, a modification of the Standard Oil Plan. The attorney-general interposed his objection, and the plan was abandoned at considerable expense to the Union Pacific in underwriters' commissions. The suggestion was then made that the Southern Pacific stock be offered to the small stockholders of both Union and Southern Pacific, eliminating such holders as the Harriman

Estate and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. The attorney-general liked this plan as little as the former.

So matters drifted along with no prospect of an agreement, and with the danger that if some settlement was not reached at an early date a receiver for the stock in question would be appointed by the Circuit Court, to which the matter of carrying out the Supreme Court's decree had been referred. Now a receivership sale for this stock was the last thing that was desired. There were 1,266,500 shares to be disposed of. The sale, within a short time, of this immense block of stock, would have given a blow to the stock market, which might have had the most serious consequences. Some plan by which a forced sale could be avoided was demanded by considerations of general financial security.

At this point the Pennsylvania Railroad came to the rescue. This company, not for any profit of its own, but solely to assist in the solution of a difficult problem of great interest to the public, offered to exchange 212,737 shares of the preferred stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, paying 4 per cent. and 212,736 shares of Baltimore and Ohio common stock, paying 6 per cent., or 382,292 shares of Southern Pacific common stock paying 7 per cent. The Baltimore and Ohio did not compete with the Union Pacific, and its stock could therefore be held by the Union Pacific without violating any law.

There remained to be sold under the decree of the court 883,576 shares of Southern Pacific stock in such a way as not to damage the market. This was accomplished as follows: All this stock was transferred to the Central Trust Company of New York, as trustee, in return for an equal amount of trust certificates issued to the Union Pacific. These certificates entitled the holder to receive from the trustee his *pro rata* share of dividends collected by the trustee as the registered owner of Southern Pacific stock, and also *provided he makes an affidavit that he is not the owner of any Union Pacific stock*, to receive the amount of Southern Pacific stock, which corresponds to the trust certificates which he surrenders to the trustee. After January 1, 1916, any Southern Pacific stock remaining undistributed shall be sold, and the proceeds distributed to the registered owners of the certificates. These certificates will be sold to the preferred and common stockholders of the Union Pacific, who can either sell them or hold them to receive their share of dividends distributed on the corresponding Southern Pacific shares held by the Central Trust Company.

This plan of dissolving an illegal combination is a vast improvement over anything previously devised. It completely separates both the Union Pacific and the stockholders of the Union Pacific, both the corporation and the members of the corporation, from any control direct or indirect of the competing Southern Pacific. The voting trust certificates cannot be exchanged for Southern Pacific stock so long as they

are in the hands of Union Pacific stockholders, and by themselves they give the holders no right to vote the Southern Pacific stock, only the right to receive from the trustee, the Southern Pacific dividends which the trustee collects. Only when they pass into the hands of those who own no Union Pacific stock can they be exchanged for Southern Pacific stock certificates.

The plan finally gives to the Union Pacific a large amount of cash which can be used for the improvement and extension of its property.

When the anti-trust campaign was first inaugurated dire consequences to American business were predicted. Up to the present time none of these consequences have been realized. No one has apparently lost any money as a result of the dissolution of any combination. On the contrary, those most directly affected by the dissolution, the stockholders, have made a great deal of money by the rise in the value of their new securities. Little effect has been produced on prices or rates and trade has not been disturbed. From present appearances the dissolution of the combinations will go steadily on without inflicting any damage on any one.

### WORTH REMEMBERING

JEALOUSY is the flattering means by which a man holds a woman. It is the tiring method by which a woman loses a man.

*Faith Baldwin*

FEW commandments would be broken if instead of "Thou shalt not" had been "Thou shalt."

*Minna Thomas Antrim*

INTUITION is the faculty by virtue of which a woman can understand her husband without listening to what he says.

*R. N. Price, Jr.*

YOU cannot estimate the value of a man's friendship by his anxiety to invest your money.

*Harold Susman*

THERE is only one thing worse than a bad woman, and that is a man who does not respect a good woman.

*Stuart W. Knight*

FAMILY trees are not improved by grafting.

*Minna Thomas Antrim*

THE man who has been ground down often becomes a sharper.

*L. B. Coley*